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(See First Page).

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WEEKLY

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Regarding the

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Appears on the Last Page of this issue.

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No. 854.]

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WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 29, 1906.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

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LINESS**, under the strictest supervision.

We may do so with the conviction that all these are assured when
we are taking

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SAUCE

GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE

THE PINE FOREST AT HOME.

"Sanitas" Oil

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CURES, WHILE YOU SLEEP,

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Whooping Cough,
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THROAT WEAKNESS
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£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

WHICH WILL NOT BE DIVIDED.

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Also **CONSOLATION GIFTS** to the **VALUE** of **£1,000** to be **DISTRIBUTED** as follows :

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF

£250

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF

£100

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF

£50

One Cash Gift of £25.

10 Cash Gifts of £5 each.

One Cash Gift of £15.

500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.

One Cash Gift of £10.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

You have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut across the page at the place marked, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below.

A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

EXAMPLE.



BELL.

CUT ACROSS HERE.

Conditions.

1. The surname must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one surname is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are allowed in the surnames. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
4. As you fill up each weekly set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told how and when to send it in.
5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of the pictures as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the sets composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner. Proof of posting packets containing solutions to the pictures will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
6. The surname with the greatest number of letters, made up of the name or names (or words which have the same sound) of the object or objects depicted in each picture, is the correct solution, but if there are two or more of such surnames depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The prize will not be paid to anyone who we find has violated this condition.
8. In the unlikely event of a tie, further pictures will be submitted to the tying competitors until one wins the first prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, £500 a year for Life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such monthly payment, and his receipt also will be recognised.
10. All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.
11. You must sign your name and address in the space provided at the foot of this page.
12. The Editor's decision in all matters connected with this competition is final and conclusive, and competitors who enter must agree to abide by all these conditions.

No inquiries regarding the competition can be answered either personally or through the post.

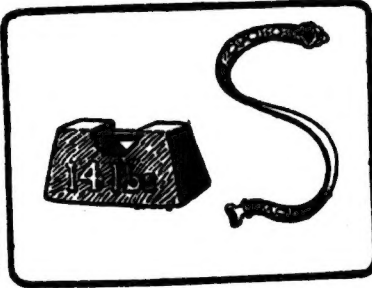
For the convenience of those who were unable to obtain a copy of the last three weeks' issues of *Pearson's Weekly*, we reprint on page 359 the first eighteen pictures.

The List of Surnames referred to in Condition No. 10 is presented free with every copy of the "Novel Magazine" for November, price 4d. (post free, 7d.).

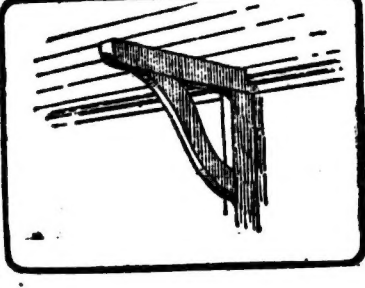
FOURTH SET.



19.....



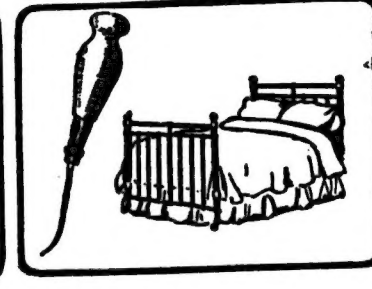
20.....



21.....



22.....



23.....



24.....

Another Set of Pictures will Appear Next Week.

Name.....

Address.....

[Nov. 29, 1906.]



By
ARTHUR
WILLIAMS.

I.
"You shall not
marry her!"

He brought his right hand down upon the table with a crashing blow. But his nephew was in no way perturbed.

"In marrying Miss Dunsmuir," he said quietly, "I shall no doubt incur your displeasure. You may omit my name from your will. Yet I will marry Miss Vesta Dunsmuir in the face of all opposition."

"I have few abilities to recommend me in the battle of life. My exceedingly gentlemanly education has left me without resources. But I have two good hands wherewith to work and earn my bread. And I am not so dainty an aristocrat that I will not use them. Miss Dunsmuir may be only a farmer's daughter, but she possesses the power of effecting my lifelong happiness."

He lifted his head proudly as he finished speaking. There was a defiant flash in his dark eyes that reminded one of his brave soldier father, long since dead. But Jasper had no sympathy, and his anger increased rapidly.

"I repeat," he thundered hoarsely, "you shall not marry her!"

Marcus smiled. "Who shall prevent me?" he asked drily.

Jasper's eyes were blazing with anger. In his face was a look of fixed determination. He opened his mouth to speak, but the thin, hard lips closed as quickly as they had parted, and no word came to answer the question. If he had plans, at least he would not divulge them.

Silently he pointed to the door. Marcus rose, bowed, and moved towards it.

When he had gone his uncle summoned his butler and invited him to sit down close by his own chair. The face of the man was not prepossessing. He obeyed with a meaning smile, and turned his crafty and sinister countenance toward his master.

For nearly half an hour the two conferred in whispers. Then the butler rose and left the room with catlike tread.

Two days later Jasper Maynard was entering his park gates when he chanced to meet Vesta Dunsmuir. Swinging round, he upbraided her for inveigling his nephew, and heaped upon her head the fury of his wrath. Vesta's eyes flashed, but she went away, making him no reply.

That night an attempt was made to fire the lovely house of Jasper Maynard. Investigations were set on foot, and an arrest effected. The conference of two days before had had its result.

II.

Convict No. 232 laid down her Bible with a sigh. It was all the literature vouchsafed by the Home Office, and she was thankful enough to read it in the intense and unceasing solitude of her narrow cell. But the daylight had departed—the carefully-guarded gas-jet had shed a feeble light upon the four bare whitewashed walls for the regulation two hours, and had been extinguished by invisible hands. Convict No. 232 was in darkness.

With that intimate knowledge of every square inch of her cell peculiarly characteristic of the convict, she went straight to the narrow pallet-bed, which she had already arranged.

It was two in the morning when she awoke. A confused trampling of feet in the corridors without floated beneath the door. Then she became aware of a dull red glare that shone in through the narrow, high window. She sprang up in bed and listened. For a long time no word reached her in the murmur of voices without. But at last she heard the voice of the chief warden, and one word lived in her bewildered brain—

"Fire!"

Hastily she attired herself and took her stand by the heavy closed door. She could hear the sharp cracking of wood. Then came the swift rattle of rapidly-unlocking doors. The prisoners were being marshalled and removed under escort to a place of safety.

Yes, there could be no doubt of it. The prison was on fire. Impatiently she waited for the unlocking of her own door. At last a wardress ran along the corridor and drew back the bolts. The convicts pushed open the doors of their cells and stepped excitedly into the corridor without. The next moment they were moving away in the track of the rest.

But one at least had been left behind. No. 232 set her shoulder to the door and pushed with all her might. But it would not yield. The bolt had slipped back by the breadth of one-eighth of an inch. The rest were gone ere she realised her peril. Then she shouted for help, but none came. No one had noticed the closed door, in the hurry of departure.

Frantically she shook the strong iron door. It rattled, but did not yield. At last, however, it swung open with a crash. From it dropped a small framed card bearing the words:

"VESTA DUNSMUIR. Three years. 8-6-06. No. 232."

Swiftly she sped along the deserted corridor. She met no one. And then a new idea occurred to her. Liberty might yet be hers.

III.

MARCUS MAYNARD swung out of his uncle's presence with an angry threat upon his lips. His former calm had quite forsaken him. A dark suspicion had reached him, and he

had flung it in his uncle's face. Vesta Dunsmuir had been convicted and sent to prison for three years. That was almost a year since. From the first he had stoutly maintained her innocence. But he had failed to discern the plot by which she had been accused. Now the dark suspicion had entered his soul, and the scene with his uncle had been angry and violent.

Trembling with indignation, he strode down the road. Then he bethought himself and slipped to the shadow of the trees. A letter lay in his pocket—a letter that was full of mystery to him. It was written by John Dunsmuir—Vesta's father—begging him to come to the house that night at ten o'clock. He was entreated to come secretly, and to let no one know of his visit or of the letter he had written.

Puzzled at the summons, he stole along in the shadows till he came to the door of John Dunsmuir's house. It opened to him, and John conducted him to an upper room. In blank astonishment he started back upon the threshold. Then, with a glad light in his dark eyes, he bounded forward and caught the girl before him in his arms.

"Vesta, my love, how is this?" he asked breathlessly.

Vesta held his right hand in both her own.

"There was a great fire at the county gaol," she said.

"They overlooked me, and I escaped. Have I done right, Marcus? If you bid me I will go back to-morrow."

The young man looked into her deep brown eyes.

"If you were guilty," he said, "I should bid you go back to your punishment; but, believing you innocent, I say to you, 'Stay!' We must do our best to keep your escape secret. I shall do more, dear Vesta. I shall work to discover the perpetrator of the outrage for which you were punished. I am persuaded that you were the victim of a foully-concocted plot, and if I find but the proof I need I will show no mercy to the conspirators, even if—"

He stopped abruptly. Vesta understood, and was silent.

For two hours they sat there together, hand in hand, and the escaped girl told of the life she had led for nearly a year. As he listened, the heart of Marcus Maynard grew hard and bitter. He would wring the truth from his uncle if he had to take him by the throat and shake it out of him.

And then—Ah! he would show no mercy then. The man who had robbed Vesta Dunsmuir of honour and liberty should have his reward.

"Listen," he said. "I heard of the fire at the county gaol, but I never dreamed you were there. Many of the prisoners have been burnt. Some are unrecognisable, and the officials probably imagine you to be among the number. I don't think they will search for you. Instead, they will notify your father of the fire and of your supposed death. He will be invited to identify you among the poor charred bodies. Persuade him to act his part well. He must not arouse suspicion. Now good-night. It is past midnight. I will see you again to-morrow night at ten, and in the meantime I shall work to establish your innocence."

He kissed her tenderly and went out into the night. But the resolution he formed on his journey home was never carried out. For he never saw his uncle alive again.

IV.

At the moment when Marcus flung out of his uncle's presence that night and departed to the house of John Dunsmuir, another figure, stealthy and catlike in all its movements, crept from the shadow of a clump of tall evergreens and peered in at the open French windows. He had lain there concealed, listening eagerly to the angry voices of the two disputants and drinking in every word.

"So!" he muttered through his set teeth, as he watched the rapidly-disappearing figure of Marcus go down the long drive to the road beyond. "My suspicions are confirmed, then! Well, so much the worse for you, Jasper Maynard! I am not so forgiving as your accommodating nephew. You left me out of your calculations altogether. That was your one mistake. I loved pretty Vesta Dunsmuir, too. Had you let her alone, I would have seen that your precious young nephew did not marry her. But you sent her to prison for three years! Three years!"

He gnashed his teeth as he muttered.

"But that was not all. You condemned her to a terrible death. She has been roasted alive in that infernal holocaust. By Heaven, you shall not escape the punishment you deserve! You forgot the despised son of your dead bailiff. You forgot Oscar Darghan. Let me remind you that he is still alive—that his right hand is steady and strong—that in it he holds a knife with a keen edge."

He stole from the shadow of the evergreens and glanced cautiously about him. Then he crept furtively towards the open French windows and disappeared within. Jasper Maynard was sitting before his secretaire busily writing. He was sending instructions to his London lawyers regarding his will.

Suddenly the pen trailed off along the paper and he uttered a sharp cry. Then he fell back in his chair and tried to reach with his hand a dark red stain in his back. Again he cried loudly for help. There was a rush of feet without, and two footmen burst into the room. But they came too late. As they entered, the jaw of the murdered man dropped suddenly. Jasper Maynard was dead!

One of the footmen pointed to the little gilt clock that ticked on the mantelpiece. It was half-past ten.

V.

"MARCUS MAYNARD, I arrest you by reason of this warrant for the wilful murder of your uncle, Jasper Maynard. And I caution you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you at your trial."

With these words Marcus Maynard was greeted as he entered his uncle's house at half-past twelve on the night of the murder. At first he failed altogether to realise the meaning of those awful words.

Then the truth began to dawn in his brain, and he put one hand mechanically to his head. His uncle dead! What strange horror was this? And he, his uncle's nephew, accused of murder!

The officers ranged themselves on either side of their prisoner and clicked the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Upon what evidence am I arrested?" he asked.

The officer smiled—then shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not my province to explain," he replied bluntly. "You will learn that soon enough, no doubt. We have not been idle since the body of your uncle was discovered two hours ago. You were heard to threaten him little more than half an hour before he was stabbed in the back. The assassin entered the room through the French windows, and departed by the way he had come. We have seen the outgoing footprints, and they have been identified by the butler. Are you ready?"

Marcus inclined his head. The officer regarded him ironically.

"Of course, you are innocent," he remarked drily.

Marcus kept his temper.

"Precisely," he replied, appearing not to notice the implied irony of the suggestion.

The officer once more gave a shrug to his shoulders.

"Well," he summed up scathingly, "you will have an opportunity of explaining what you did and where you went between the hours of ten and eleven to-night."

Marcus started. He had never thought of that. How could he explain? To tell where he had been would involve the recapture of Vesta Dunsmuir. She would be sent back to that awful living death from which she had so mercifully escaped. She had already suffered in silence for a whole year. If he explained she would be swallowed up for two years more, to eat out her young heart in loneliness and gloom and bitter degradation. And his would be the voice that condemned her!

The thought was maddening. But, come what might, he would not speak.

VI.

THE criminal assizes were in full swing. The court was packed from floor to ceiling, and necks were craned eagerly forward to see the prisoner for whose appearance all waited. At last he was led in, and took his stand at the dread bar. The charge was read out, and the case for the prosecution began.

Quietly standing, with his hand on the rail before him, Marcus Maynard faced the presiding judge and listened to the damning testimony of witness after witness. Not until now did he realise how much was against him. True, the evidence was purely circumstantial. But he dared not sweep it away by the only means in his power.

Could he have proved an alibi his acquittal would have been assured. His solicitor had urged this upon him with all the force of eloquent argument. But even to him Marcus had divulged no word of the truth. His lips were sealed.

Just as the judge began his summing up there was a stir in court. Marcus started as his eye fell on a slight girlish figure entering the court on the arm of an old man. It was Vesta Dunsmuir and her father. An usher confronted them and demanded their business. Vesta spoke a few words in a low undertone, and the usher approached the judge's bench. A look of wonder crossed his lordship's face, and he consulted with the Crown prosecutor. Then the usher was bidden to conduct Vesta to the witness-box.

Without hesitation she complied. Quietly, yet unfalteringly, she gave her evidence. The prisoner had spent the time between the hours of ten and twelve on the night of the murder at her father's house. He had declined to reveal this himself since the doing so would involve her re-arrest. She was an escaped convict.

The crowded court was in a buzz of excitement. Silence was demanded by the usher, and John Dunsmuir stepped into the witness-box. With equal clearness he gave his testimony and descended to his daughter's side. The judge conferred with the Crown prosecutor.

Suddenly there was another stir in court. A spry little man hustled to the judge's bench.

"You had better remand the accused, my lord," he said.

"I am a detective from Scotland Yard, and have just placed the real murderer of Jasper Maynard under arrest. Moreover, I have had a conversation with the murdered man's butler. He also is in custody, and can throw some light on the matter of the fire that occurred a year ago, for which Miss Dunsmuir there was unjustly sentenced. May I suggest that you liberate the accused on bail? Also that Miss Dunsmuir shall be detained in the local station until the Home Secretary can be communicated with?"

His lordship frowned, but he capitulated.

Within a week from his interrupted trial Marcus Maynard was notified that his bail would be returned upon application and the charge withdrawn. The same day brought a document from the Home Secretary.

Vesta Dunsmuir was free. The butler had confessed his crime, pleading that he merely carried out the orders of his late master.

It was late when Marcus met her and took her to her father's home. On the way he told her a strange piece of news. The letter upon which his uncle had been engaged at the moment of his death had never been finished. He had got little further than the preamble. No instructions were forthcoming. As a natural consequence the former will was valid, and Marcus had inherited the whole of his uncle's wealth.

So the clouds that had hung over their joint lives were lifted at last, and they stood in the sunshine of each other's love. For the lips of Marcus were no longer sealed, as happy Vesta could well have testified.

SHE: "Mr. Bloom does not pay his wife much attention, does he?"

HE: "No; the only time I ever knew of his going out with her was once when the gas exploded."

"I'm going to take a stick to that miserable beast of yours one of these days, madam."

"I wish you would; neither his father nor myself can do a thing for him."

"Madam, I am speaking of your dog, not of your little boy."

"What! take a stick to my Fido! You horrid brute you; don't you dare!"

Do Trade Unions encourage Laziness?

Views of SIR JOHN JACKSON, LL.D., F.R.S. Edinburgh,
the World-Famous Contractor.

[Sir John Jackson is one of the largest contractors for public works. Among other works of magnitude he contracted for the last section of the Manchester Ship Canal, the foundations of the Tower Bridge, and Dover Harbour, whilst at present he is engaged in carrying out the Admiralty Docks, Devonport, and Admiralty Harbour, Simon's Bay, South Africa, and a new harbour for the Government at Singapore—these several works at present in hand, we understand, representing a value of a little under ten millions sterling. As an employer Sir John Jackson bears the highest of reputations, and the relations between himself and his workmen have always been of the happiest kind.]

If at your invitation I am willing to express my views upon this subject of Trade Unions, it is not because I have any particular animus against Trade Unions, for I have not, but because the question of the influence of Trade Unionism upon the character, efficiency, and prosperity of the British working man is daily becoming one of ever-increasing national importance, and as a large employer of labour I have some claim to speak with authority on the matter.

So far as Trade Unions are concerned, they have at times, it is true, attempted to inconvenience me in ways which I did not approve of, but, apart from the fact that these efforts were unsuccessful, I should have taken them as being all in a contractor's day's work, and borne no ill-will towards their authors, even had they succeeded.

Further, on my works I make no difference between non-Union and Union men, and so far as Trade Unions endeavour really to improve the lot of the working man, I am entirely in sympathy with them, realising, as every sensible employer must, that the better the conditions of the employee the better the work he will do.

WHY GOOD WORKMEN EMIGRATE.

The Trade Union principle of a level wage for all, that is for all in any particular trade or branch of a trade, can have no other effects than to discourage individual effort and to degrade the competence to the level of the incompetent.

Let me tell you a little story. About two years ago the representatives of the American Chamber of Commerce visited London, and I was present at a banquet given to them. Sitting next to one of the visitors, our conversation turned on the underselling of British manufacturers of steel rails by American competitors, and I expressed surprise that it could be done in view of the high wages in America, unless it were a case of "dumping."

"No," he said, "we can undersell you and yet make a profit. And I will tell you why. In my country we pay each man what he is worth; in your country you pay all alike, irrespective of their capabilities, and the result is that a large proportion of your best workmen come to us, knowing that the only limit to their wage-earning power will be their own capacity."

I fear it is impossible to deny the truth of the American's statement. So many of the best men of energy and skill are more inclined to emigrate to the States, where the tendency is not to put them on the level of the inefficient worker.

ITS EFFECT ON APPRENTICES.

Kill or stifle individual effort, and the result is a tendency to slackness, particularly amongst the younger men, and that the present-day teaching of Trade Unionism has a tendency to discourage individualism cannot, I think, be denied.

The effect of Trade Unionism touches all classes of the labour ranks. Apprentices of ordinary capacity are no longer what they were in their anxiety to become specially efficient; they know that once they have scraped through their apprenticeship they are as journeymen, so far as wages go, on an equal footing with every other journeyman in their particular trade.

So much for the direct discouragement of special efforts towards efficiency by Trade Unions, but there is also their indirect discouragement of it in placing the British workman at a disadvantage compared with his foreign competitor, which means less work for him, and consequently more idleness and fewer opportunities of becoming highly skilled in his trade.

When I contested Devonport at the last General Election I was asked whether I was in favour of an eight hours day for all the working classes.

"Certainly," I replied. "I would be in favour of a four hours day for everybody if it were practicable, myself included, though I don't think for a moment I shall ever get it, for an eight hours day for the working classes, let alone everybody, is not under present conditions practicable. Or if it were put into practice it would mean national suicide. So

long as this is a Free Trade country, and so long as foreign workmen work their twelve or more hours a day, we cannot hope to compete with them on an eight hour day basis."

Yet the Trade Unions would limit a man to eight hours' work a day without doing anything to shield him from the crushing competition he would then meet with from foreign countries, by protective tariffs or otherwise.

The limitations already imposed by Trade Unions on the working man's free will have resulted mainly in swelling the ranks of the unemployed and driving trade out of the country.

Yet, lest I be thought too pessimistic, it must be remembered that Trade Unionists form probably not more than one quarter of the working community in this country, and that already there are signs of even Unionists rebelling against those who would deprive them of their individual rights against their better instincts.

"The pace of an army on the march is that of the slowest arm in it," is a sound military axiom, but it cannot be applied to the commercial army.

John Jackson

A FINANCIAL GENIUS.

"SONNY," said a company promoter to his youngest son the other day, "I'll give you 5s. if you dig that patch of ground all ready for your sister to start her flower garden."

"Right you are, guv'nor," said young hopeful thoughtfully; "but I shall have to ask you for 25 per cent. of the contract price in advance, not as evidence of good faith, but simply as working capital."

"Working capital. What do you mean?" said the father.

"Well, you see, I'll bury a sixpence somewhere and tell all the boys in the neighbourhood that I have found out that an old miser buried his treasure in our field. When they strike that tanner they'll go on digging like Trojans I can tell you. In that way I reckon I can clear about 90 per cent. In fact, I—"

"Well, what?" inquired the proud parent.
"In fact, I don't so much know but what I can also arrange to find that sixpence myself."
"And father wept tears of joy as he thought of what a rough time financiers would have when his boy grew up."

"Do you know," said an artist conceitedly, "that there are already three villages disputing as to which was my birthplace?"

"I sympathise with you," rejoined a brother of the brush. "I suppose each lays the blame on one of the others!"

THE LAND OF FIRELIGHT SHADOWS.

Through the land of firelight shadows

I went wand'ring in my dream,

Finding all the old loved faces

In its bright and tender gleam.

All the dear ones of the old days

One by one I seemed to see,

Till I almost heard their voices

As their sweet eyes smiled at me.

Then a sudden thought of sadness,

As of something missed, I knew,

And it turned to pain my gladness,

For I sought in vain for you.

Oh! my land of firelight shadows,

How I scanned the pictures fair—

Every loved face beamed upon me,

But I could not find yours there.

To my eyes the sad tears started,

In the firelight dim they fell,

When I heard your dear voice speaking

In the tone I love so well!

It awoke me from my dreaming,

And the faces passed away;

They were only firelight shadows,

But your love is mine to-day!

AS A FAVOUR.

"MR. SCRIMPLE," said the commercial magnate to the young barrister, "I want to make use of your valuable services."

"Very well, sir," said Scrimple, as he gasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief. "What can I do for you?"

"A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate, firmly, "is about to bring an action for damages against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their counsel."

WONDERS OF THE WIRE.

Sending 600 Words a Minute by Telegraph.

IMPROVEMENTS in telegraphy are continually being made. The first telegraph idea worked out took twenty-six wires, one for each letter of the alphabet. At the receiving end little balls made of pith and suspended in front of each wire were actuated by electric currents sent along, and from these movements the message was read. Obviously, such a system never came into practical use.

Later, the Morse code—familiar to many—was introduced and made signalling over one wire practicable, a magnetic needle being actuated at the receiving end in well-defined movements.

The first practical telegraph line was erected in England by the Great Western Railway Company between Paddington and Slough, and quickly drew public attention to itself by catching a criminal who, flying from justice, was greatly annoyed and surprised to find the police awaiting him at Slough station. The Paddington police had availed themselves of the new invention with every success.

With advancing years new ideas and new methods of signalling followed in quick succession. Simpler instruments were introduced allowing a higher rate of speed to be obtained. By a marvellously simple idea it was found possible to transmit two messages simultaneously in opposite directions over a single line, and that without any interference with one another.

INSTRUMENTS THAT WORK A TYPEWRITER.

Then a smart man cudgelled his brains, and finally evolved a scheme whereby four messages could be dealt with at once, two in each direction, and yet not get mixed up. To explain the method here would be to introduce matter of too technical a nature.

It may be briefly stated that these ideas have now been so improved upon and developed that such main systems are now in use over all the civilised world. You may hand in, say at Southampton messages for Exeter and Plymouth, they may both be sent at the same time on a single wire, yet the proper one will be received at Exeter whilst the other has gone on further to Plymouth.

Automatic signalling has come into vogue. The average rate of hand signalling is from twenty-five to thirty words per minute. By means of automatic apparatus the message is transmitted at anything up to 600 words per minute. Systems are now in use between London and Scotland which, besides doing this, also work an ingenious typewriter, so getting rid of the not always too legible handwriting of the telegraphist, besides doing the work so much quicker.

TELEGRAPHING A SKETCH.

After getting four and six distinct messages on a single line without any quarrelling came the problem: Why have any wires? Why? indeed! All space was known to be permeated by a mysterious conducting medium known as "ether." Why not utilise this?

A scientist named Hertz proved the idea to be practicable, but Marconi in quite recent years developed the idea and made the system a commercial success.

Instruments that will reproduce your handwriting as fast as you can write at any distance are now on the market, and are a distinct success. You can also telegraph a sketch by the same means.

The progress of the telephone has been even more rapid, and this method of communication is rapidly supplanting the telegraph where comparatively short distances are concerned.

The first practical telephone was invented only thirty years ago. Every year fresh improvements are made. Exchanges are built, grow, and are out of date. In the modern exchanges, everything is automatic. You take your receiver off the hook, a little electric lamp at the exchange lights. The operator pegs in to answer you, the lamp goes out.

LAMPS INSTEAD OF BELLS.

The operator calls the person you want, another lamp lights which goes out when your friend replies. When you have both finished and replaced your receivers both lamps light again. The operator sees this and disconnects you, when out go the lights again.

Even the ringing is sometimes done automatically. The operator presses a button which is not released till the subscriber replies. If your friend is engaged the operator connects you to a continually running dynamo, and you hear that annoying buzz-z-z.

In America they connect you to a phonograph whose sole mission in life is to say without ceasing, "Line engaged, call again."

Now we are getting automatic operators. The largest Exchange at present is in Chicago, where there are over 5,000 subscribers connected with no girls to flirt with or to grumble at. You call the man you want yourself, by moving a pointer on your instrument. If he is engaged you get the same buzz-z-z in your ear as in ordinary exchanges. The service is said to be giving every satisfaction.

WEEK-ENDING AT THE POLE.

Has the secret of the navigation of the air been solved? It looks like it.

M. Santos Dumont, in Paris the other day, travelled through space a distance exceeding one-eighth of a mile, at a rate of over thirty miles an hour, in a machine that was very much heavier than the weight of air it displaced.

Of course, one-eighth of a mile is not far. But the principle is precisely the same for short flights as for longer ones. The great point is that a true flying-machine, as distinct from a mere dirigible balloon, has at length been evolved. The rest would seem to be merely a matter of detail.

Assuming that this be so—and the assumption is not an unwarrantable one—then are we face to face with the most tremendous revolution the world has known. For one thing Britain's insular supremacy will be a thing of the past; unless, indeed, we attempt to achieve the armed command of the air, in which case Tennyson's vision of "aerial navies grappling in the central blue" will speedily become an actual reality.

But more than anything else, will the new method of locomotion affect our notions of travel. Already has M. Dumont entered for the Paris-to-London-by-air race, which is to be held in 1908, and he has further-more publicly stated that he expects by that time to be in a position to accomplish the journey in a couple of hours at the outside.

Perhaps by that time small one-man flying machines will be on the market, so that the jaded city toiler, instead of taking as now his Saturday afternoon spin on his bicycle, will be able to enjoy a sky-trip to the Continent; or take a week-end off in the Polar regions in summer, and in the Tropics in winter.

LAKE ERIE, one of the Canadian lakes, produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water in the world.

HOW HAIRPINS ARE MADE.

For ages the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in other countries to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which the pins are sold necessitate the cheapest and most rapid process, which can only be procured by automatic machines.

The wire is made expressly for the purpose and put up in large coils, which are placed in a clamp, and so carried to the machine while being straightened. This machine cuts, bends, and, by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the points. Running at full speed, it will turn out 120 hairpins every minute. To economise, it is necessary to keep the engines going day and night.

JAVA is the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms on the average on ninety-seven days of the year.

A BRAIN IN YOUR THROAT.

Did you know that the throat has a brain of its own? Few people are aware of it, but it's a fact. There is a small ganglion which exercises direct control of the muscles of the throat, and acts as its brain. Of course, it is subservient to the genuine brain, but at the same time does a good deal of independent thinking for itself. It is very timid and suspicious of any strange objects that come near the throat.

For this reason it is very difficult for a physician to operate on the throat. Before anything can be done in this direction, it is necessary for the operator to gain the confidence of the little brain that dominates it. It frequently takes weeks before this confidence can be secured, and until it is secured it is impossible to perform any operation.

Woe to the man who attempts rough treatment to the throat before gaining the little brain's confidence. His operations will be resented with violent paroxysms, first of the throat, then of the diaphragm, and, if the operator still persists, the patient will be thrown into convulsions. Still more curious is the fact that this little brain has a memory, and if once frightened in this way it is almost impossible to ever gain the confidence, no matter how gentle the operator may be.

THE REAL REASON.

"My dear," said Mrs. Cawker to her daughter, "when you are at Mrs. Cumso's this afternoon, I hope you won't think of repeating that bit of gossip about Mrs. Gilfoyle that Mrs. Foedick told us this afternoon."

"Why, mamma?"

"Well, because it would be ungenerous and unkind, and I don't think Mrs. Gilfoyle would like it told; and, besides, I want to tell it to Mrs. Cumso myself."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE front of the town hall was covered with advertisements of the forthcoming concert which was to be given by what were described as the most "generous and talented performers the district can boast." Lower down was a smaller placard, which unobtrusively announced: "No dogs admitted."

A wag must have passed that way when night had cast her sable mantle o'er the scene, for next morning it was seen that the notice referring to the exclusion of the canine species had been amended by the following addition: "By order B.S.P.C.A."

It was a nasty dig at the local talent, and there are one or two distinguished amateurs who are quite upset about it.

IN ONE SO YOUNG, TOO!

"PAPA," said the young hopeful, looking up from the book he was perusing, "there's a word here I don't know—diplomacy. What does it mean?"

"Diplomacy, my son, means this: Doing or saying precisely the right thing at precisely the right time."

"Ah!" retorted the young hopeful. "Then I suppose I did some diplomacy last night."

"Yes?"

"Yes; I rolled Johnny over into my place just before ma came in with the castor oil, and then rolled him back again before she came to the other side."

And papa is now seriously considering whether he shall make his son a lawyer or a land-sale advertisement writer.

RUINING BUSINESS.

THE other day a man entered a fried fish shop with a pile of sporting periodicals, and laconically inquired how much he was to receive for them.

"Nothing," snapped the fried fish purveyor. "Ye can take 'em away; I don't want the likes o' them in this establishment."

"Turned religious, Bill?" asked the disappointed owner of the papers.

"No," shouted Bill. "It's a matter o' business, that's all. It don't pay me to wrap fish up in sporting papers. My customers read 'em."

"An' if they do, what then? Are ye afraid they'll be backing the tips?"

"That's just what I am afraid of," responded the tradesman. "They eat their fish, reads the tips, backs their fancy, loses their money. Then they has to starve for a week or two, an' my fish is left on my hands. Take them there papers away; they're no good to me."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

A GENTLEMAN whilst staying in a Somersetshire village recently was asked to give an address at the weekly meeting of the local Mutual Improvement Society. He promised to do his best, and on the night of the meeting a good number of the villagers honoured him with their presence.

His lecture was entitled "The Man One Meets," and he began by humorously referring to "The Mean Man," "The Ultra-Jovial Man," "The Horsey Man," "The Dogmatic Man," and so on.

At this point two or three members of the audience appeared to be somewhat perturbed, and some whispering amongst them was quickly followed by a pencilled note being handed to the lecturer. It read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Excuse the liberty, but you'll oblige by not sayin' too much about dogs. The gentleman what's a takin' the chair was had up some time ago for keepin' one without a license, and as he subscribes a guinea a year to our society we shouldn't like him to think as you meant anything personal." The dogmatic man was not again referred to.

A MATTER OF BELIEF.

NOT long ago a certain farmer closed a footpath across one of his fields. This was resented by the inhabitants of the district, who claimed that a right-of-way existed. Eventually the matter came before the courts, and a decision was given in favour of the farmer.

As the public still persisted in crossing the field, however, the owner turned a furious bull into it. After one or two daring spirits had been assisted out of a field over a hedge, a deputation waited on the farmer and asked him, as a special favour, to withdraw the bull and allow the use of the path.

This the farmer might have done, had not one of the deputation unfortunately remarked as he was leaving:

"You know there is a right-of-way."

"Oh, is there?" blurted out the farmer, with his old obstinacy. "I've heard that before, an' I didn't believe it. The judge heard it an' he didn't believe it. Now, chaps, you'll have to go to the fountain-head an' argy with the bull; if he believes it, all well and good; if he don't he'll tell you so."

GOOD FOR CORNS.

IN a town the lads of a school acquired the habits of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal it from the master. In this they were successful until one evening when the master caught them puffing most vigorously.

"How now?" shouted he to one of the culprits, "how dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes away the pain."

"And you? And you? And you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a raging "tooth," another "colic," the third a "cough"; in short, they all had something for which the weed was an unfailing remedy.

"Now, sir," belittled the master to the last boy, "pray, what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all answers were exhausted, but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe and looking up into his master's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone:

"I smoke for corns, sir."

PREPARING MY LADY'S SEALSKIN.

If we look at a lady's sealskin jacket, we at once observe its rich brown colour, and the velvety softness and denseness of the fine hairs composing it. If this be compared with the coarse, hard, or drysalted sealskin as imported, or still better, with the coat of the living fur seals, one is struck with the vast difference between them.

Passing our fingers among the hairs of the cat or dog, we may notice fine short hairs at the roots of the longer, coarser, general covering of the animal. This is so-called under fur. But in the greater number of these animals the short hairs are so few and often fine as to be comparatively speaking lost sight of among what to our eyes constitute the coat.

The operation which the skin undergoes to bring out, so to say, the fur, may be briefly described as follows:

The skin, after being washed to rid it of grease, and so forth, is laid flat on the stretch, flesh side up. A flat knife is then passed across the flesh substance, thinning it to a very considerable extent. In doing this, the blade severs the roots of the long strong hairs which penetrate the skin deeper than do the soft, delicate ones under the fur. The rough hairs are then got rid of, while the fur retains its hold.

A variety of subsidiary manipulations, in which the pelt is softened and preserved, are next gone through, and then the fur undergoes a process of dyeing which produces that deep uniform tint so well known and admired.

A HUNDRED new words are added every year to the English language.

THE average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.

DOGS SUFFER FROM SEA-SICKNESS.

HUMAN beings are not the only ones who suffer from sea-sickness by any means. One hears a great deal about the pangs that have filled men and women with woe, but little is said of the menageries brought to England every year, or carried hither and thither in wave-tossed boats.

Lions and tigers may be majestic when they have unwavering earth or rock against their paws, but a sea-sick cat of these tribes is as miserable as any man ever was, and does not look a bit more kingly than a wet rabbit. Even its roars and growls have a weeping sound in them, quite in keeping with the general appearance of the beast.

A monkey is as pitiful an object when it is sea-sick as any other beast so stricken, and its forlorn facial expression is so human-like, and the way it clasps its paws across its stomach is so natural, that the man who is not sea-sick necessarily sees something to laugh at in the misery of the creature.

It takes a dog to be woeful at sea. It has a way of doubling all up, with its tail between its legs and head hanging down, that shows deep-seated pain. To free itself the dog goes through all sorts of contortions. It will stretch out on the deck, groan and squeal, sometimes rising on its haunches and lifting its head, and howling long and miserably, as some dogs do at the sound of music.

SMELLING-SALTS are a prolific cause of deafness.

ACCORDING to a recruiting sergeant, very few men have arms of equal length.

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Are Girls Less Attractive Nowadays?

seems to care or know.

Toying with Tons.

The new half bridge was then lowered on to the piers on which it was to rest by means of hydraulic jacks. In like manner the other half of the bridge was renewed on a subsequent Sunday, and thus the whole bridge was reconstructed with practically no interference with the traffic.

Read "Survivors' Tales of Great Events" in the Christmas Number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE. Price sixpence.

Picked Pars.

Silent Services.

Within a few yards of the Marble Arch, London, stands a church which is used for rest and meditation only, for no services are ever held within its walls, and on Sunday it is altogether closed. The walls are covered with paintings.

A Conger that Liked Leather.

A conger caught at Ilfracombe, weighing over 40lb., made a dart for a boy who touched it with his foot whilst lying on the pier. The fish clutched him by the boot, and it was not until its jaw had been cut away that it released its hold.

Prayers on a Church Roof.

Towards the completion of a church at Copenhagen, near Croy, the Rector went up on to the roof wearing his surplice, and offered dedicatory prayers. The workmen on the roof suspended their work meanwhile, and persons far below watched the incident with great interest.

A Patchwork Skin.

Mrs. Russell, a well-known American society woman, had the lower part of her body terribly injured by an explosion. The lady's life was at first despaired of until skin-grafting was tried. More than one hundred pieces of cuticle were removed from the arms, legs, and backs of Mrs. Russell's nineteen-year-old son, husband, and brother-in-law, the local coroner, doctor, and three nurses, and grafted on the injured woman's body. Her doctors say that one hundred more pieces will be necessary, and a call for more volunteers to surrender small patches of skin has met with a generous response.

School Built on Arches.

The Hampstead New End School, which was opened the other day, with provision for some 600 scholars, has a novel appearance for a London school, as, owing to the varying levels of the ground, it was necessary to build it partly on arches. Underneath the arches are covered playgrounds.

A Reminder.

In accordance with the prevailing custom, the retiring Lord Mayor of Manchester takes with him as a souvenir a turtle's shell inscribed with the date of some notable banquet during his year of office. Some of the bones of the animal have been converted into curios for the Lady Mayoress.

They Fail Sometimes.

A sidelight was thrown on some police failures at the Tower Bridge Court recently, when a detective was granted permission by the magistrate to withdraw about a hundred old warrants. He said that some of them were dated as far back as 1879. All efforts to trace the persons mentioned in them had failed.

Where Men Exceed Women.

There are 1,840,280 more men than women in the United States, and the same proportion prevails in almost every other American country. The only exception is in Paraguay, where there are more than twice as many women as men. This is due to the fact that some years ago in a political revolution and a war with Brazil and the Argentine Republic, the men were almost exterminated.

Washing the Testament.

After seventy years' continuous service at Wisbech, a New Testament, leather-covered, with brown and faded leaves, has been discarded, a lady having presented the police-court with a celluloid-covered copy, which will be washed after each court.

The Dearest Railway Ticket.

The most expensive British railway ticket is from London to Wick, first-class return, costing £9 6s. 6d., but the costliest ticket issued, which, of course, includes expenses other than train fares, is the one issued by Messrs. T. Cook and Son for a tour round the world, from London to London, the cost being £527 15s.

Sugar as Dominoes.

An Englishman travelling through the Ardennes stopped for a cup of coffee at a remote inn. Sugar was not forthcoming, and the waitress begged the traveller to be good enough to wait until the party at the next table had finished their game of dominoes, for which the lumps of sugar, duly marked with pencil from one to double six, were serving.

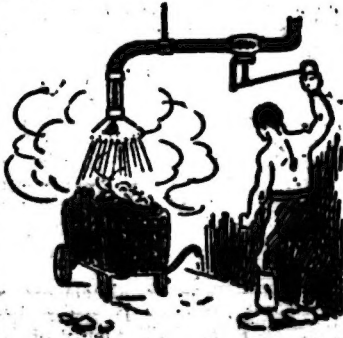
Bad for the Babies.

A Berlin confectioner was recently accused of adulteration in the making of a kind of cake known as zwiebacks, and much recommended by doctors for children and invalids. The accused confessed that a large proportion of soap instead of eggs is used to make the paste more binding. Chemical evidence showed that 270 per cent. of pure soap had been found in the cakes submitted for analysis.

Picture Pars.

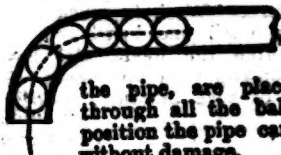
QUENCHING THE COKE.

A SMART method is now used in gasworks to quench the red-hot coke when it is taken from the retorts. In the system formerly employed, a workman wheeled the coals away and threw buckets of water over it. It needed about a dozen buckets before the heat was sufficiently "slacked," and five minutes of the workmen's time was thus taken up. Nowadays, it takes but ten seconds. The hot coke is wheeled away from the retort in an iron barrow and placed under an apparatus. Here the workman can, by pulling down a lever, produce a shower of water which effectively quenches it.



TO BEND A PIPE.

WHEN a smooth appearance has to be kept on a pipe that is about to be bent, a number of wooden balls, which are as wide in diameter as the interior of the pipe, are placed inside. A string runs through all the balls, and when they are in position the pipe can be bent quite evenly and without damage.



FOG SIGNALLING AT SEA.

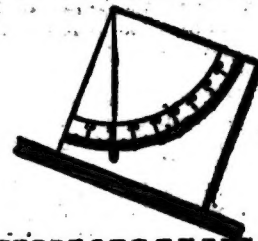
THE St. Bee's Lighthouse on the north-west coast of England possesses a unique method of fog signalling. It is known as the "jib explosion."



At the top of the rod A, is a hoop united by electric wires. Suspended by these wires is a cartridge B. The wires are also connected with a clock and electric battery inside the lighthouse. The clock face is marked off at every seven minutes by red marks, and when the pointer reaches one of these marks it completes the circuit and explodes the cartridge. The current is then automatically cut off, and the arm is turned upside down, and reloaded. Then it is again righted and ready for the conclusion of the next seven minutes. The discharge can be heard at a distance of over six miles.

THE CLINOMETER.

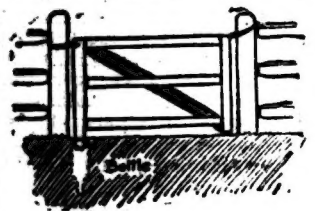
THE Clinometer is an instrument much used by engineers, surveyors, and miners. The illustration shows it in its simplest form. It consists of a piece of wood about a foot square and an inch thick.



A graduated arc, which has for its centre a corner of the square, is fitted to one of its surfaces. From the corner a plummet is suspended which indicates in degrees the angle at which the lower side is adjusted. The instrument is simple but efficacious. There are more elaborate ones than that shown; some have sighting pieces and a spirit level instead of a plummet—others can be mounted on tripods.

AN AUSTRALIAN IDEA.

UP country in Australia where the farmer has of necessity to be his own carpenter and joiner, a very simple expedient is adopted to ensure the roughly made paddock gates hanging and swinging properly. An ordinary quart bottle is forced into the soil with the concave base uppermost, and level with the ground. The gate standard rests in the hollow, and forms a kind of a ball and socket.



Personal Pars.

Queen Alexandra.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA confesses that, when young, she could never reconcile herself to the Latin language. Her Majesty was very strictly brought up, and her likes and dislikes, as regards her studies, were not often consulted. The Queen—Princess Alexandra then—had a worthy old pastor as tutor, a man deeply learned in the classics. "You say that it is wrong to speak badly about the dead, don't you?" once said the Princess to her old master. "Yes, very wrong indeed," was the reply. "The Latin language is dead, isn't it?" again asked the inquisitive Princess. "Yes; it is dead. Why?" queried the pastor. "Oh," replied the Princess. "I was going to say something bad about it, that's all!" And, then, with a pathetic little sigh, "Oh, I do think it's cruel not to let the dead rest."

The Queen of Italy.

To see the Queen of Italy in her happiest mood she must be met in the nursery with her babies or on the water in the yacht which she steers with a master mariner's art, or in a boat of which she is so perfect a mistress. When the present King of Italy wooed and won her from her wild Montenegrin home, he took her for her beauty and her qualities of heart. She is one of Nature's queens—gentle, affectionate, frank and winsome. She is passionately devoted to her husband and children, but her heart is in the hills or on the waters. It was while he and she were tasting the delights of one of their happy days of irresponsibility that the news of tragedy and greatness reached them. To their pretty yacht which floated lazily over the waters around the Greek islands a swift launch came racing. "The King is dead. Long live the King," was the cry from the deck. King Humbert had been laid low by the assassin.

The Mikado.

THE Emperor of Japan draws a regular salary from the treasury of £800,000, and out of this he is expected to pay the expenses of his household. His private fortune is not supposed to be used for the purpose of keeping up his state, and since the Emperor is of a frugal mind the sum answers its purpose fully.

Mr. Frank Richardson.

MR. FRANK RICHARDSON, who has been frightening the modern woman by suggesting that she who motors cannot kiss, is a smooth-headed humorist, who has acquired fame largely by his frankly expressed detestation of whisks. Mr. Richardson, besides writing funny books, a rare enough accomplishment in itself, adds little addenda to them in which he tags on funny comments to the press notices of his former works. He has written for the stage, and is a bosom friend of Mr. George Grossmith, jun., with whom he is always threatening to write a musical comedy. It is a matter of dispute whether he or Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is the most "dressed" of living writers.

Baron Komura.

BARON KOMURA, the Japanese ambassador in London, is a little unobtrusive man, with a quiet voice, and a still quieter manner. The Baron hates silk hats, and is nearly always to be seen in the unostentatious "bowler." This peculiarity is said to have been occasioned by an adventure he had when he was a student years ago in America. He had been out marketing, and having purchased some beef-steak, put it inside the tall hat as a convenient carrying place. Soon afterwards he met a lady he knew, and raising his hat the meat fell on to the ground, to the no small confusion of the diffident future diplomat.

Princess Marie Bonaparte.

PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE, whose name has been rather unkindly mentioned in connection with the great marriage brokerage question, would indeed be a rich prize for any smart marriage broker, for she is one of the richest unmarried women in the world. She owes her wealth to her mother, one of the daughters of the famous M. Blanc of Monaco, and she is, of course, a niece of the genial sportsman who is almost as well known to the British racing world as he is to that of Longchamps. Princess Marie, whose mother died when she was still a child, lives with her father, Prince Roland Bonaparte, in a palatial mansion not far from the Arc de Triomphe. Without being notably beautiful, she is very attractive, and she might be now have married into more than one of the older royal families of Europe.

Lord Hugh Cecil.

LORD HUGH CECIL, son of one Premier, cousin of another, and not a little of a statesman himself, is thirty-seven. He is known as "Linky" in the family circle, and only those of the House of Cecil dare call him by that familiar name. At the mature age of five he threatened Mr. Gladstone with "my father's sword," much to the G.O.M.'s delight; and his debating powers drew a tribute from Mr. Bryce, and this, being delivered in the presence of Lord Hugh's father, caused him to exhibit considerable emotion. Perhaps Lord Hugh's most reactionary act was his proposal in Parliament to punish members who do not obey the Chair with imprisonment for an indefinite period. The House angrily debated the question for two hours; and then voted as follows: For, 0; against, 426—probably a Parliamentary record in majorities.

How British Food Inspectors Work.



Why Swindling Shopkeepers Hate Them.

BRITISH Food Inspectors may be roughly divided into two classes, those who deal with the producers, and those whose duty it is to call on the retailers, and with the latter we may mention the Scale Inspectors, whose work is no less valuable and interesting. It is the former, of course, who make the most dramatic hauls, for they deal with large bulk, but the work of the latter is just as estimable and often more difficult.

The bulk of seizures comprise fruit and meat, and whole train loads of garbage are sometimes captured when just about to be turned into "Food."

Last year, for example, a vigilant inspector seized a consignment of about four tons of plums which were being smuggled into a factory in the outskirts of London to be made into "Pulp," which would later be transformed into "Finest Plum Jam." He followed this consignment secretly for several miles before he could discover where it was being taken, and then just as the vans were entering the factory buildings he ordered them to stop whilst he inspected the fruit. It was found to be in a disgraceful condition, and was promptly condemned by a magistrate and destroyed.

This and similar seizures have practically put a stop to a practice, at one time very common, of smuggling off loads of fruit which no dealer would dare expose in the open markets, to some back street factory. There it would be converted into pulp, and afterwards sold to jam makers and turned into jam by the addition of sugar.

JAM MAKING WITH ROTTEN FRUIT.

Large consignments of fruit can be very speedily turned into pulp. The fruit is simply tipped into a vessel with a steam coil in it, and when steam is turned on a quarter of a ton can be cooked easily in five minutes. It is then hermetically sealed in a cask or tin, and will keep for years.

It has been stated that many large fruit dealers owned factories built for this purpose, and, indeed, the plan worked splendidly until it occurred to the inspectors to trace some vans from the rail or docks to their destinations.

In connection with meat, the modern systematic inspection in markets and slaughter-houses has done enormous good, and the simple country plan of sending all animals that die mysteriously to London has received a severe check. Sausage making, too, is looked after.

The importance of cleanliness in the handling of food products is being rightly insisted on, and not without reason.

A factory inspector in Ireland reported a few months ago that when going through a sweet factory in the Green Isle he found a piece of soap and a sponge in one of the pans used for sweet making. On inquiry he discovered that the owner's wife was in the habit of giving the children their weekly bath in that particular pan, and had omitted to remove the soap after using it!

WEIGHTED PAPER INSTEAD OF TEA.

Inspectors who supervise shops have much more difficulty in securing hauls. They try all sorts of dodges. A favourite one is to send a small boy in to purchase some goods that have to be tested; eatables are ordered by telephone to be delivered at a certain house, or sometimes an inspector arranges with private persons to order goods for him with their own supply.

Scale inspectors often detect artful dodges for robbing the public.

Small pieces of bacon, cheese, and such, are frequently left, as if by accident, on the customer's side of the scales, and in the course of a day must make a good bit of difference to the profits, and several tradesmen have been fined for this. Weights are also tampered with, the lead seals being taken out and replaced by paper with just the top of the lead seal bearing the stamp to keep it in.

Many firms weigh the paper in with tea and other groceries, and it must pay very well to buy paper at about 2½d. per lb. and sell it at 2s., but there have been cases where sugar bags were deliberately loaded in the course of manufacture to weigh about double what they ought.

In closing, it may be mentioned that British Food Inspectors have stopped the use of margarine in butter, and tallow in margarine, of chicory in coffee (when sold as pure), and of venetian red in chicory, arsenic in beer and fusil oil in whisky, of alum in bread, and vitriol in tinned vegetables. They have detected tape-worm germs in foreign margarine, and deadly parasites in palm sugar!

FAME THAT STICKS TO FAMILIES.

Four Successful Authors in One Household.

FAME does not run in families as a rule, but there are exceptions, as this article will show.

Most English people know of H. Rider Haggard, the popular novelist, but a reading public scarcely less extensive has acquaintance with his brother, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., who is the author of about a dozen successful novels and poems. Another soldier brother who has, like Andrew, seen much active service, is Major Edward Arthur Haggard, the author of four works of distinction, and there is, lastly, a sister whose new work on Japan has attracted very favourable notice.

Confusion is similarly apt to exist between the Rev. Joseph Hocking, author of "Zilla," and about a score of novels, and his brother, Siras K. Hocking, who also was a minister, and who has written even more books than the former.

And Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., F.R.H.S., the well-known poet and essayist, is often credited with being the author of "Dodo"; but this successful work is by his scarcely less famous brother, Edward Frederick, who has written fifteen books as well as a play. Another brother has achieved no mean literary fame, and the father of the three was the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

The three sisters Brontë, Charlotte, Agnes, and Emily, form a more celebrated combination of the same kind.

To keep to writers, we have the two Coulson Kernahans, husband and wife, who have often confused the critics; the two sisters, Florence and Gertrude Warden; the late Florence Marryat, a novelist almost as well known as was Captain Marryat, her father; Dumas and his son, both named Alexandre, famous French novelists; Thackeray and his daughter, Anna Isabella, author of a dozen novels; and Mr. Maxwell, the author of "Vivien," who is a son of M. E. Braddon, author of more than fifty novels.

The fame of James Mill, author of "History of British India" and three other standard works, was quite eclipsed by his son, John Stuart, the strenuous advocate of woman's suffrage. The great Dickens has a celebrated son in Henry Fielding Dickens, B.A., K.C., and a granddaughter, Mary Angela, whose fame would be more after his own heart, seeing that she is the author of seven novels, including "Cross Currents."

And among successful family collaborators must be mentioned Alice and Claude Askew, Agnes and Egerton Castle, and K. and H. Hesketh-Prichard, the last-named couple being mother and son, a quite unique combination.

And in music what name is more famous than that of Bach? Johann Sebastian Bach, the illustrious organist, and one of the world's greatest musicians, had three sons who each attained the very highest distinctions as organists and composers.

Even in sport the same principle holds true, for at one time few cricketers in England could compare with the three Graces, G. F., E. M., and W. G., whilst the son of the last-named also achieved considerable distinction.

Then must be mentioned the four Fosters, H. K., W. L., G. N., and R. E., of Worcestershire (Foster-shire, as it is called), the Gunns, of Notts, the Hearn, of Middlesex and Kent, and the great Lyttelton family. But the fame of the last-named does not end with cricket. Lord Lyttelton has done splendid work for the country as a Railway Commissioner; the Right Hon. A. Lyttelton was Colonial Secretary in the late Government, whilst Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir N. G. Lyttelton, K.C.B., is the well-known Chief of the General Staff, and First Military Member of the Army Council.

The Hon. F. S. Jackson, B.A., England's famous cricket captain, is a son of Lord Allerton, who has filled numerous Government offices, including the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland; and Lord Kitchener has a brother serving under him in India, Major-General F. Walter Kitchener, who has seen considerable fighting in Afghanistan, the Dongola, Khartoum, and South Africa, and would have loomed large in the public eye but for the greater renown of his brother.

Very similar was the case of the Marquis Wellesley, whose achievements as Lord of the Treasury, Governor-General of India, and in conquering Tippee Sahib, and later, overcoming the Mahrattas, were entirely overshadowed by the successes of his more illustrious brother, the great Duke of Wellington.

In the political world the same thing occurs, and few will need to be reminded of the two great Pitts, father and son; Lord Randolph Churchill and his renowned son, Winston; Joseph Chamberlain and his son, Austen; W. E. Gladstone and his son, Herbert, the present Home Secretary; and the two brothers Balfour, Arthur and Gerald, and, of course, in the acting world the related celebrities are innumerable.

PASSENGER: "Why don't you shout out the names of the stations more clearly?"

Railway Porter: "Because I don't get the wages of a hopera singer."

KIPLING's "legion that never was listed" is no thing of the past. Fresh recruits join it every day, and little indeed we at home in England know of the extraordinary things these young Britons who have left their country are doing for a living in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

Other nations say that we are not adaptable. Take it from one who knows, that an Englishman will go to America, China, or Timbuctoo, and beat the natives at their own trades. Only the other day, there died in Tokio an Englishman who was recognised as the best professional story teller in that city. The Japanese himself needs a lifetime of training to follow this profession.

A few years ago the average public-school failure went West in the States or Canada, and became a cow-boy or a horse breeder. One of these lost all his cattle in a blizzard in Montana, and, being left on his beam ends, became assistant to a travelling photographer. He travelled thousands of miles in this capacity, and when he had learnt his business thoroughly he began selling things on his own account.

He was until quite recently travelling in a new patent flat iron. He had the sole rights of the patent for several States, and instead of taking the goods round in person from house to house, would sell the rights for each county to sub-agents. In this way he was making a steady income of seven hundred a year.

A GOOD TIME BUT POOR PAY.

Incandescent mantles for gas lamps owe their peculiar properties to a mineral earth called thorium. An Englishman who was ruined by a land swindler in Virginia was, when last heard of, busy washing monazite, which is the source of thorium, in North Carolina.

Monazite sand is found in the head waters of mountain streams, and is washed out like gold, but it is, of course, much more plentiful than gold. It is worth about sixpence a pound, and this man's average wash up for a working day was twelve to fourteen pounds. The pay seems poor, but living was cheap, the climate good, scenery lovely, and game abundant.

An attempt to grow sisal hemp in the Bahamas which was sadly interfered with by a hurricane was the undoing of a young fellow whose people own a large place in the South of Ireland, but whom the troubles in that country have almost ruined. He drifted to Central America, and has taken up the cultivation of ginger. "Ginger-grubbing" they call it in that part of the world.

The plant grows wild in these magnificent forests, and when cultivated yields enormous crops running to nearly a ton per acre, an amount which is worth about £70. In fact, there would be a fortune in ginger-grubbing but for the heavy cost of getting the crop to market.

As most people know, the supply of indiarubber does not equal the demand, and owing to the wasteful methods of gathering the crop the best trees have been killed.

AN OCCUPATION THAT ISN'T OVERCROWDED.

A man who was for a time engaged on a coffee plantation in Brazil gave this work up to gather indiarubber up on the head waters of the Amazon. He vows it is the most awful trade a man can follow.

You must work all day in a swamp in which you are up to your knees in ill-smelling mud. You are in constant danger from deadly snakes. The air is thick with mosquitoes, and the heat appalling. Every day you must take your ten or fifteen grains of quinine or you will die of malaria, while the salt food brings on attacks of a horrible blood poisoning known as "Espundia."

Another quaint industry which is followed by some dozens of lost legionaries is the gathering of vanilla in the forests of Nicaragua.

In the London market good vanilla pods fetch as much as 30s. a pound, but the picker does not get more than half that sum. It takes about twenty pods to weigh a pound, and sometimes more than that number may be gathered from a single vine. The forests are very lovely, and the climate, though hot, not so deadly as that of the Amazon.

But there are dangers in plenty, and one of the worst arises from peccaries or "chancos," as the natives call them. These fierce little pigs range the forest in droves, and go for anything that invades their solitudes. So the vanilla gatherer must never move without his rifle, or he may pay the penalty with his life.

Ginger-Grubbing for a Living.



Queer Jobs of the Lost Legion.

My Notebook.

Forty Famous Funny Songs.

newspaper:

Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passengers.
A pink trip slip for a one cent fare;
A buff trip slip for a two cent fare;
A b'ne trip slip for a three cent fare.
Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passengers.

And he told a long, and, I suppose, a truthful story about them. He said the haunting jingle of them used to keep him awake at night. He said many things, I think, about these lines, how he once paid his tax-collector with them, and recited them to a pack of school children when he was asked to distribute the good-conduct prizes, and how then the epidemic spread, and he got his first grey hairs, and new asylums were hurried along, and so on.

We have had a kindred kind of trouble in this office during the last few days. We have just published a shilling book of music and words called FORTY FAMOUS FUNNY SONGS.

There is a joyousness about most of our young men difficult to suppress. In turning over the pages of FORTY FAMOUS FUNNY SONGS they could not, in fact it was impossible to, refrain from humming over some of the old-time favourites of their early boyhood. It didn't matter much to them that they didn't know music and had lost their ears for the actual tunes. That really didn't enter into their calculations. Our young people here are so human, so insistent and persistent in some of the things they don't know anything about—things outside their actual office work—that they knew a tune went this way or that way, and that was all that need be said. People get like that about music when they don't know A sharp from Z flat.

Now this office is divided into four big departments: The artists are on the top floor where they can give flight to their fancies, the young sub-editors on the floor below, the full-fledged editors on the floor below again, and the cash department on the ground floor.

The other day, and within an hour of FORTY FAMOUS FUNNY SONGS being sent round the office for admiration, there was trouble between the artists and the sub-editors. It was all over "When Noah went into the Ark." An artist would have it that the tune went this way. A sub-editor said, "No; it goes this way," and he tried to use a pair of HORN NOTES scissors as a tuning-fork.

The editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE on his floor heard the unusual commotion upstairs, and he sent up to have the trouble brought down.

Now if there is anybody in this office who knows less about music than anybody outside of it, it is the editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. So that when the ring-leaders of the rival factions brought their trouble before him and asked him to be the Solomon he was up against the proposition of a lifetime.

But he is a man not easily discouraged. He said he knew the tune also. It went like this. Quite a different way from the other two ways.

I sit in the next room to the editor of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, and at this point I closed the door gently between us, locked it, opened a window, as the atmosphere was getting rather close, and went out by another door, putting the key in my pocket, and across the road to keep an appointment.

When I returned in a quarter of an hour's time the art, the sub-editorial, and the full-fledged editorial departments were gathered together in the business managerial department. The conflict was still raging.

The business manager, being Scotch, had ideas all his own. He said it didn't matter anything to him how they sang the song of "Noah" in England; in Scotland they sang it this way, and that was the right way.

It was a new way to all the other ways!

You see I hadn't entered into this discussion at all. I have a good deal of sound sense sometimes. Perhaps it might have been sensible to have consulted me. I would have said something like this: "My dear boys, wait until you leave the office this evening, then get your

wife or your best girl to play the tune over to you. When you haven't heard a tune for twenty years or more you are liable to get mixed in it."

As a matter of fact I got mixed up in all these famous old tunes myself before I got home that evening. I was trying to sing, and to hum, and to think of them all the way from the office to the station. As I got into the train at Waterloo this sort of thing ran through my brain:

"Oh, Mr. Noah he built an ark,"
Singing, "Little brown jug don't I love thee,"
So "beware of the peach of emerald hue,"
Or you'll "owe ten dollars to O'Grady,"

and it was only when the train ran past my station without stopping that I pulled myself together.

Still, when we all calm down, we are going to get a good deal of fun and pleasure out of these memories of our childhood, these songs that our fathers and mothers delighted in, and which now haunt us in a fleeting, fanciful way.

The charms about most of them lie in these things. Each song is a story song, it isn't a jumble of meaningless vulgar words. And every tune is catchy and is on the way to become a classic. This is a book of funny songs you can let your children handle. Perhaps that is its greatest virtue.

Insurance—the Best Investment.

In a few weeks' time the first day of a new year will be coming round. People will then be thinking of making what are commonly called "New Year resolutions." Most people make their resolutions too late. To make New Year resolutions a few days before January 1st is wrong. You want to make them a few weeks before. You want to make them now. If you make new resolutions too quickly you treat them too lightly. If you go slow on resolutions and let them soak well into your system the carrying out of them is liable to become a part of your nature and your habits. You don't know then that you are doing anything out of the common.

Suppose you start now, to-day—to school and discipline yourself for one great New Year resolution. Make it a fixed rule in your mind now that starting from January 1st you are going to save a fixed amount on each pay-day. One of the easiest things in the world is to save money. It is a game in which you are the winner all the time. It's a game where you hold the best cards at every deal. Make up your mind to try it.

Try to get it into your mind, and keep it in your mind fifty-two times throughout the year, that on every Saturday you are sitting down and playing a game of cards with his nibe—the Devil. Remember that you shuffle the cards—always. Every Saturday you shuffle the cards. Somehow you always get four kings; you ought to save money on a hand like that. Only now and again are you likely to misdeal or give his nibe four aces. Don't ever let the gentleman opposite get anything out of you. If you play with four kings always, you'll get him discouraged.

And put all your winnings away. Put it into insurance. Put it where neither you nor the other fellow can get at it—in insurance. Life insurance is easy to carry. Life insurance is the wise man's best banking account. It is the poor man's, the rich man's, the weak man's, the strong man's greatest investment.

But don't ever take out more insurance than you can reasonably carry. Don't put in more this week than you can afford to put in next. Go slow and sure. Take out a policy that will give you some interest and some income on your savings when you are fifty or sixty. Make your savings to-day be your companion in the worn-out, decrepit days of your life.

Do not think every insurance company a swindle; an insurance company is just the opposite to that. The average insurance company, if it finds you cannot continue your payments, will not foreclose on your savings; it will compound with you, and give you a paid-up policy to the extent of your past payments.

Many people have wrong ideas about insurance companies. If I was the manager of one I shouldn't spend money as some of them do in saying "Look how rich we are." I should spend the money in saying "Look how honest we are." And I'd make myself and the people glad because of that.

The one great thing to remember in insurance is this, that if you invest with the right kind of company, and make the right kind of contract, none of your money is ever lost. However, talk this matter over with some intelligent agent. He knows more about it than I do. But do it now.

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook).

TURNING SAPPHIRES INTO DIAMONDS.

How Costly Gems are Altered.

THE Countess of Spere whirled by in her handsome and luxuriously-fitted motor-car on her way to Lady Blank's "At home," and was wearing some of her most rare and costly gems, amongst which was a large and beautiful black pearl, the envy and admiration of her noble friends. This rare stone had cost the earl a fabulous sum to secure, and when not in use was carefully guarded, among other jewels, in the family safe.

No doubt his lordship would be somewhat surprised and alarmed if he were informed that the stone in question was not in reality worth more than a few pounds. But this may be the case. There are many presumed valuable jewels being worn to-day which have cost their owners thousands of pounds, and have defied the detection of experts, and yet are not genuine. The large pearls are manufactured "naturally." This may sound strange, but it is true. Special beds are partitioned off, and the pearl is made by throwing into a species of shell-fish (*Mytilus Cygneus*, the swan mussel); when it opens, five or six very minute pearl beads strung on a string.

LITTLE PEARLS THAT TURN TO BIG ONES.

The fish are then put into the prepared beds, and in the course of a year they are found covered with a pearly crust, which resembles one large pearl. Some of these turn out so perfect that they defy detection by the most expert judges. They are then put on the market or sold privately, and fetch fabulous sums.

The genuine pearl, when it is cut in halves, resembles the inside of an onion, whereas the manufactured pearl is simply a shell covering the seed pearls, and if cut in two would soon disclose the fraud. But which expert would dare risk cutting a large pearl in two to satisfy his doubts?

The pearl is not the only gem which is imitated to perfection, though, if large and perfect, it fetches more fabulous prices than any other stone.

Pink topazes and white sapphires are also imitated to perfection, and passed off successfully as the genuine stones. The amounts paid for some of them are considerable, varying according to size and quality. These stones are imitated by the aid of heat, and require very careful manipulation.

CHANGES COLOUR THROUGH HEAT.

The pink topaz is made by heating a yellow topaz (which is not of great value) to a certain temperature, when it gradually turns to a very pleasing pink, or delicate rose colour. The Saxon topaz and a very pale sapphire can be made perfectly white, so as to resemble diamonds, but are more often passed off as a white sapphire, which is also of much value. A Brazilian topaz, by the same method, can be made to imitate a very fine ruby.

Among the commoner stones, the turquoise, which is a sky-blue and opaque colour, is imitated by staining bone with a solution of copper, but can easily be detected by applying a spot of acid, which immediately turns its colour. Genuine turquoises are not affected by acid.

The yellow topaz is imitated by colouring common crystals with a solution of lead, but this is also easily detected.

Of course, it is not for us poor mortals to be afraid that we shall be deceived in our purchases of jewellery, as, providing we go into a respectable jeweller's, we shall get what we pay for. But the wealthy, noble, and the millionaire, who are always on the look out for rare and costly gems, should be more than careful in their purchases.

The imitation rare stones which are being worn to-day may never be detected, but what matter, so long as the owners are satisfied, and their friends still go on envying and admiring the precious gems, while the dealer keeps on advertising another "rare gem." Indeed, "ignorance is bliss."

Forty Famous Funny Songs.

A collection of all the famous old comic songs, among which are:

Villikins and His Black
The Perfect Cure
The Beggar Man
Wait for the Waggon
Hazzle Dazzle
Down Went McGinty
The Little Brown Jug

A Little Peach in an Orchard
Grew
Dere's One More Ribber for
to Cross
The Captain and his Whiskers
The Spider and the Fly
The Dutchman's Little Dog

NOW ON SALE.

ONE SHILLING.

Or may be obtained post free for 1s. 6d. from the Music Publisher, Pearson's Weekly, Hemlock Street, London, W.C., or from Messrs. Elkin and Co. Ltd., 8 to 10 Beak Street, Regent Street, London, W.

Goods You Mustn't Import.



Even Some Kinds of Tobacco are Forbidden.

A READER of P.W. recently sent money to a firm of tobacconists in Rotterdam asking them to forward to him a certain quantity of compressed tobacco. The firm acknowledged the receipt of his order and duly dispatched the tobacco, but instead of the purchaser receiving it, a communication reached him from the Customs officials requiring him to give an explanation as the tobacco was forfeited, since it was one of the goods which is strictly forbidden importation into this country.

Had the reader in question asked his Rotterdam tobacconist to send him Cavendish or Negrohead tobacco, he would have received it in due course, for that kind of compressed tobacco is not affected by the present legal position. But all other kinds of cut or compressed tobacco, whether by mechanical or other means, are forbidden importation into the United Kingdom.

By compressed tobacco is understood that kind which has been subjected to pressure over and above what is necessary to the process of manufacture and cutting. Such tobacco is not immediately fit for smoking, but requires to be restored by steaming or some other process to a proper condition. Hence the reason for the prohibition.

It is generally believed that any quantity or any kind of tobacco can be imported into the United Kingdom so long as the receiver is willing to pay the duty upon it. Such is not the case.

PRISON-MADE THINGS FORBIDDEN.

Most kinds of sweetened tobacco, whether manufactured or not, are prohibited, and the same applies to snuff work, tobacco stalks, and stalk flour. Even as regards tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and snuff, there is only a free right of entry into this country so long as the vessel containing the goods enters certain approved ports.

The ship which carries the tobacco must be of a certain stated capacity, and the tobacco itself must be confined to whole and complete packages of a weight at least 80lb. each. A passenger returning from abroad is allowed to retain and pay duty upon any quantity of tobacco and cigars not exceeding 1lb. in weight at ordinary ports, and a quantity not exceeding 4lb. at what are known as tobacco ports. All above this quantity is forfeited to the authorities.

No matter how great is the "bargain" you have made abroad, you cannot bring it with you into this country if the Customs people suspect that such article was manufactured in any foreign prison, house of correction, or penitentiary, and has been bought by you in order to sell again. The exception to this rule refers to goods that are not made in the United Kingdom, for these are not prohibited.

You may not import sugar from Spain, Russia, the Argentine Republic, and Denmark, excepting from the Danish West Indies, while saccharin is forbidden save only when it is brought into certain ports, when it is put up into packages of more than 11lb. weight, and when it is warehoused. Substances of similar nature or use to saccharin are also prohibited.

WHEN BAY RUM IS BARRED

Unless you have the authority of the Secretary of State, your acetylene will be seized. Similarly tobacco, save under special conditions, are all goods of an explosive nature such as fireworks, nitro-glycerine, gunpowder, and the like. Any apparatus, machine, or implement for use in connection with the making of explosions is forfeited likewise.

There is no objection, of course, to your bringing bottles of essence or extract of coffee or tea in this country, but if you send to Paris or Berlin for samples, you will never receive them. They, too, are prohibited importation. Concentrated essences of roasted figs are allowed to be warehoused in the United Kingdom only for purposes of exportation, as their sale is strictly forbidden.

Bay rum may be imported so long as it is to be used for toilet purposes. Considered as a medicinal spirit, it will be refused a landing by the Customs officials. Spirits of all kinds are regarded most carefully by the authorities, for, like tobacco, they are forbidden, save only when imported in certain quantities and under certain conditions.

Cordials, perfumed or medicinal spirits are "barred," but other spirits, provided they are contained in casks, stone jars, or other vessels of at least nine gallons' capacity, are shipped aboard vessels of forty tons registered tonnage, and are duly reported to the officials, are allowed entry into the country. Wines are prohibited importation, except at certain approved ports.

Infected cattle stand on the same footing as weapons and munitions of war. That is to say, the Privy Council may prohibit the one, and the Secretary for War the other.

The idea of prohibiting infected cattle being imported into this country is, of course, to prevent the dissemination of any contagious disease, and for this excellent object the carcasses, hides, skins, horns, hoofs, and the like from such infected cattle are also "barred." Moreover, the carcass of an animal which has been carried alive from a port in a prohibited country, or any partly consumed or broken fodder that has been supplied to that animal, come under the same drastic regulation.

You may not even import a dog into this country except under special license.

As regards the importation of arms of war, ammunition, gunpowder, or any similar goods, an Order in Council, or a special proclamation, may at any moment forbid their landing on our shores.

Indecent books, prints, paintings, photographs, and the like are prohibited, as also are lottery advertisements and matter connected with the drawings of any foreign lottery.

A BOON TO AUTHORS.

You may not return from abroad with any fictitious postage stamps in your possession. They will be taken from you and destroyed, and the same fate will befall any die, plate, instrument, or materials for making such stamps.

If you are the author of books that have been copyrighted in the United Kingdom, you may, upon giving to the Commissioners of Customs a written notice to such effect, prohibit any foreign-printed editions of your book from being imported, whether for public sale or not.

You may not import any bronze or copper coins made abroad, though gold or silver coins are not prohibited. No imitation of any British coin, or medal, cast, or any metallic combination in any way resembling British coin in colour, shape, or appearance, will be permitted entry. Special permission is necessary, even to import coins for exhibition or art purposes, whilst counterfeit coin of any and every kind is stringently prohibited.

Finally, clocks and watches, plate, or any article of metal impressed with any stamp representing or in imitation of any legal British assay mark and such like, are also "barred." The Customs officials will not allow importation to any metal article that purports to be of British manufacture when it really is not.

VISITOR: "Why do you make some of your pies round and some of them square?"

WIFE: "Because my husband has been complaining of sameness of his diet lately."

"I CAN take 100 words a minute," said one shorthand writer to another.

"I often take more than that," remarked the other, in sorrowful accents; "but then I have to. I'm married."

WORTH THE MONEY.

SHE appeared to be somewhat excited when he came home that night, and he naturally asked the cause.

"The man in the top flat has fallen in love with our cook," she said.

"What of it?" he asked.

"He's been trying to get her to run away and marry him."

"Do you mean the man who practises with the fute every night?"

She said she did; and he made a dive for his cash-pocket.

"Tell the cook," he exclaimed excitedly, "that I'm a poor man, but I'll give her ten pounds if she'll do it!"

PROFESSOR (lecturing upon the rhinoceros): "I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

"WELL, I'm going, mum," said the departing cook, "and here's your character," and she handed her mistress a written paper.

"My character?" asked the lady in surprise.

"Your character, mum, that ye can show when ye go seekin' another cook."

THE LEATHER TERMS PUZZLED HIM.

A WEST-END bookseller tells the following amusing story of a conversation he held recently with a well-to-do, but illiterate, client.

"I must have some books," the latter remarked, and went on to explain that he had found an empty library in a house which he had purchased in Kensington. His only condition was that the volumes should be handsome.

The bookseller suggested that half should be bound in Russia and half in Morocco.

"What on earth's to hinder you from having the lot bound in London?" was the unexpected response.

NEW AND STRANGE.

Something about the Newest Things on the Market.

Bank Made of Glass.

A SAVINGS bank building is being erected of glass and a framework of steel girders in the town of Des Moines. Professor Flammation, the astronomer, says that everybody will live in glass houses in the near future.

To Destroy the Eggs.

THE eggs of the house fly are to be found in great numbers round the drains; in order to destroy them a chemist proposes the plan of occasionally flushing drains with a solution of petrol and water.

How Fishes Talk.

THE latest idea is that fishes talk to one another by actual sounds. These sounds are made in various ways, one of which is to grate a movable bone against the air bladder or against a tough part of the flesh.

A Funny Engine.

THE strangest-looking railway engine in the world is the gasoline motor. It has a rounded roof and rounded ends to diminish the air resistance, and it resembles a boat upside down as it rushes along the metals.

Hymn-Book as Purse.

THE latest American combination is a hymn-book or religious manual with an artistically-designed cover that acts as a purse in which to hold the contribution. The idea originated with a lady who was worried about carrying a coin in her glove.

Paper which Falls to Pieces.

DISAPPEARING paper is a novelty for use by those whose correspondents forget to burn the letters after their utility has ceased. It is steeped in sulphuric acid, dried, and glazed, the acid being partly neutralised by ammonia vapour. It falls to pieces after a given time.

White Paper from Rushes.

AN invention has just been tested for making paper out of rushes; it is claimed that, when treated with a suitable chemical solution and subjected to the special process which is the subject of the invention, the plant makes a good white paper that can be used for almost all purposes.

Cheese Cutting by Machine.

A MACHINE has been devised for enabling provision dealers to cut a certain weight of cheese accurately. The total weight of the cheese and its exact measurement are ascertained, then the apparatus is attached, and the shop-keeper can cut precisely what is wanted by the customer, neither more nor less.

A Toy Fountain.

AMONG the novelties now selling is a toy fountain, which can be placed on the table or mantelpiece, and will throw a tiny jet of water twelve inches, keeping up the play for an hour. The fountain is then reversed in the stand or holder, when it recharges itself and will go on for another hour. This can be continued indefinitely.

Sea Bathing on Land.

AN imitation sea bath, with the breakers rolling over the bather, is attained by means of an idea that comes from Germany. A large tank is installed on land or in a lake; a machine in the tank forms the breakers in a startlingly realistic fashion, and a quantity of salt is placed in the water to complete the imitation. All the curative properties of a real sea bath are obtained by this novelty.

Motor Roller Skates.

MOTOR roller skates have been invented by a Paris engineer. Each skate has its own motor, and the oil-tank is fastened on the back of the skater; the apparatus for controlling the speed and for starting and stopping is attached to the belt. It is a compact outfit, and the user can skate along a country road at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. They may take the place of the bicycle.

A Mule that Gets Angry.

THE latest toy is the meek mule. This animal looks the picture of innocence until an attempt is made to drag it forward, when it shows the whites of its eyes, throws back its ears, and shoots out its hind legs in a series of violent kicks. A toy rider is sometimes mounted on the mule, and ultimately gets thrown off. All this is done by clever mechanism. To make the animal go quietly it is simply necessary to alter the position of a cord.

Good for Telephone Users.

THE serephone is a small instrument for use with the telephone, the effect of which is to render conversations practically secret. The speaker can talk in a whisper, and the words come out distinct and clear to the listener. The serephone can be easily carried in the pocket, and can therefore be used wherever you may be. It also serves another purpose—it prevents the possibility of infection or contagion through speaking into the same transmitter as everybody else. It forms a private transmitter, which the owner alone uses.

A New Era in Night-Signs.

MANY an enterprising shopkeeper would dearly like to display over his shop-front one of those big electric night-signs which are now used only by the big firms to whom an outlay of a few hundred pounds is a very simple matter. By a special arrangement, however, the electric night-sign has now been brought within the reach of all, and big, powerful, flashing signs can be purchased for so low a sum as from £3 upwards, whilst small signs for shop-window use are listed at 15s. These signs are as effective in the daytime as when their messages are flashing out through the darkness, and will undoubtedly soon be universally used by all tradesmen who mean to push ahead. Full particulars and a catalogue of prices can be obtained from Messrs. Armstrong, Power, and Co., 118-122 Holborn, E.C.

You will enjoy reading Fox Russell's splendid story, "Miss Lado," in the Christmas Number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE. Now on sale. Price sixpence.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

TOYS OF FATE.

A Human Drama Written by STACEY BLAKE.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"I AM going to kill myself."

Jim Ellicott writes the words with slow and careful deliberation, for two great calamities have overtaken him. The first reverse comes from his fiancée. And when Muriel Danebridge returns his engagement ring she takes away nearly all his interest in life.

The other misfortune is a monetary one. A letter from a firm of solicitors informs him that Messrs. Brown and Ellicott, the Yorkshire wool-combers, in whose business all his money is invested, have become insolvent.

Ellicott thinks over things, and decides to take his life.

With this idea in view, he commences clearing up his affairs. There is the five hundred pounds he owes Israel Zorzi, the moneylender. He contracted the debt by being bound for a friend. It would never be paid now.

Then Ellicott remembers he has lent his revolver to his old friend, Vincent Hartley. So he buys a new one. He writes to Muriel telling her of his intention. Just as he is finishing his arrangements Vincent Hartley calls. With white face and bloodless lips, he confesses that he has killed Israel Zorzi.

The moneylender, it appeared, after dunning him at his club, had waylaid him on Hampstead Heath. Words had come to blows. Zorzi brought out a knife, whereupon Hartley drew a revolver and shot him. Then he flung the weapon away and fled. And it was Ellicott's revolver that now lay waiting for the police to find on Hampstead Heath.

But Ellicott does not know that Zorzi's beautiful daughter has fallen into the hands of some scoundrel. And he is also ignorant of the fact that both Zorzi and his daughter's Spaniard lover are on the villain's track.

When Hartley hears that Ellicott intends to kill himself, he implores him to take the blame of Zorzi's murder upon his shoulders.

Ellicott agrees to do it, and he writes Hartley a letter in which he takes upon himself the crime. It is written on his own peculiar green notepaper. Exulting at his new lease of life, Hartley runs out to post it.

Meanwhile, Muriel, who in sending back the ring has been influenced by her aunt, hears of Jim's terrible misfortune. This is the time he really needs a woman's love. She now realises that he, and he alone, fills her heart, and that life without him will be an empty existence.

So she writes to him, laying her heart bare before him, and pleads for the return of her ring. Will he meet her at Lady Brooksbank's reception that night?

Needless to say, on receipt of this letter, Jim does not commit suicide.

Instead, he goes to the reception. When he meets Muriel he forgets the existence of everyone else, and together they go to a secluded nook, where he hears what he has already read from Muriel's own lips.

Then falls the bolt from the blue.

Vincent Hartley appears and is thunderstruck at seeing Ellicott still alive.

Jim leaves Muriel for a moment and explains to his friend that, owing to circumstances altering, he cannot keep his agreement. But this doesn't do for Hartley; he refuses point blank to release Jim from his promise, and says he intends to keep the incriminating letter.

As Jim attempts to enter his flat that night a blow from a sand-bag lays him low, and Vincent Hartley, the owner of the weapon, carries him into the residence. Dropping Jim's unconscious form by a chair, he makes it appear as though suicide had been committed. Into a glass he pours some poison, and a little of this he rubs on Jim's lips, for the tight-set teeth prevent any being poured down his throat. But Jim instead of dying recovers consciousness.

He concludes that Hartley is the author of the outrage upon him. His great thoughts are about the letter. He goes round to Hartley's place, and by a strategy he gets the green envelope. When he gets home he anxiously opens it. Instead of finding inside the letter that means so much to him, he only discovers a blank piece of paper, and in his agony he collapses to the ground. For Hartley, being afraid to trust the letter to the post, had inserted a piece of paper in its stead.

Next morning Hartley expects the green envelope, but is disappointed. All the same, he rings up Scotland Yard on the telephone and tells them that Ellicott has written him a strange confession. A detective named Nall visits him, and together they go to Jim's abode. Nall forces open the door, and they find Jim huddled on the floor.

The green envelope lies on Jim's desk, and Hartley eagerly seizes it without the detective noticing him.

Of course, Jim is greatly surprised when he comes to his senses. Nall charges him with the murder. Jim denies the charge, and attempts to sustain his denial by producing the green envelope in which Hartley says he received the confession. When he goes to the desk he finds the envelope has disappeared.

In a fury he attacks Hartley, and during the struggle Nall handcuffs him.

Later, Muriel Danebridge and her aunt are out shopping and while lunching Lady Blanthorpe sees a paper. She gasps as she reads the startling headlines.

"My dear," she says to her niece, "you will never marry Jim Ellicott now; he has been arrested for murder!"

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

The Oath.

THE man who sat at the near table, with head bent forward and ear assant, unmistakably listening, half rose in his seat as the meaning of the words he heard became clear to him. He was a young man, and a glance would have told he was not an Englishman, for he had the characteristic sallowness and black hair of a Latin of the South, and there were subtle touches in his dress—the ample black tie, the black cloak with the red lining that is seldom seen north or eastward of the Pyrenees, the felt hat of which one may see thousands in the Calle Mayor at Madrid, the ring of Andalusian work, and the scarf-pin of Toledo inlay—that an observant eye would have marked and judged accordingly.

It was possible that his knowledge of the language was imperfect, because the meaning of the words he heard seemed to come slowly to him, but at least what he understood seemed to exercise a profound effect on him, for he rose from his unfinished meal, and, paying hastily, went out into the street.

This man was Juan Asperillo, the lover of Shebah Zorzi, the daughter of Israel Zorzi.

"Dios! that is it, then!" he muttered. "That is why the house is closed and no one comes to the door. That is why the old man never kept his appointment last night. Ha! fool, a thousand times fool, that he did not let me strike. And if he failed, I was to take his place! To strike the blow if he missed! Cielos! but how, since the dog is behind prison walls?"

Out in Piccadilly he bought newspapers, including the tinted special edition that he had marked Lady Blanthorpe reading, and he turned into the first café he came to with these sheets under his arm.

The earlier newspapers had nothing to say. Only the special edition rewarded him. And so he read what was written of the tragedy, in the setting of which he had been an unconscious actor, moving undiscovered, behind the scenes.

It took him a long time to read what was there, for many of the words were unfamiliar, causing him to refer to a pocket dictionary many times; but he mastered it presently, and he understood that Israel Zorzi while attempting vengeance on the betrayer of his daughter had himself found death.

"So this man's name is Ellicott," he muttered. "Then may he be eternally cursed, and, by my soul! may the law find him guiltless, may the law release him, so that I may kill him, so that I may feel his blood hot on my hands, so that I may strike out his false life. Was it the man I followed last night—the man whose face I had seen before? Was that his house where I followed him to, and where I watched? It was dark. I could not see very well. Perhaps in the daylight I could find out. Some name might be written up"—and he took out a pocket map of London and traced his finger over the unfamiliar ways.

"Ha, it is here! Jermyn Street it is called." (He pronounced the "J" with a guttural sound.) "And, *bueno!* it is near here."

He doubled up the newspaper in which the account of the Hampstead tragedy was set out and put it in his pocket. The others he left, and then he went to find the street and the house to which overnight he had tracked the man whom he suspected. It had been a chance meeting—the demon chance which juggles so many lives and destinies, some up, some down, with many a fatal slip.

Urged by an unquenchable restlessness, and a fever at his brain, Asperillo had wandered about the town that night while Zorzi had gone on his errand of vengeance.

He had met him in a West End square coming out of a house where there were lights, carriages waiting, and many people going to and fro. A light had fallen on the man's face. It was the face of the man he had seen through the little peephole of the door in Israel Zorzi's office that very morning, the man whom every instinct told him was the betrayer of Shebah Zorzi.

He had never tried to analyze that intuitive feeling any more than a child does its dislike of mustard. He did not reason. He was a Spaniard, with the Southern blood in him that came nine centuries ago from Africa. And the Southern Spaniard is a child.

The first sight of Jim Ellicott's face sent his hand into his bosom, where his knife lay against his heart, for the conclusion that flashed across his brain was that Zorzi had failed, and that the betrayer had escaped. His, then, was the duty now, his the work of destroying the destroyer, and he had watched with vengeful eyes this man, whom he believed to have been the wronger of the woman he loved, praying to the saints for an opportunity to strike. His promise to hold his hand was no longer valid, since manifestly Israel Zorzi had failed. Fate had thrown this man in his way. He would strike now—now!

And so he had followed Jim Ellicott, waiting his opportunity, waiting a stretch of quiet road where he might strike, Spanish fashion, and he had followed him to Jermyn Street, where his chance had come.

The street was quiet. This would have been an opportunity for a swift blow from a quick hand. But then it was that a momentary doubt had assailed him, a little vacillating questioning of his mind that had made him pause to ask himself whether, after all, he was sure that

this was the man, and while he had hesitated the other had gone within.

And all the time Vincent Hartley had been secreted at the top of the stairs waiting to send Ellicott into the Eternal Silence.

Thus Fate juggled with the destiny of these men. The street looked very different in the daylight, but the Spaniard found little difficulty in locating the block of buildings. He shrank back for a moment when he saw a little knot of people, that every moment was being augmented by new arrivals, hanging curiously about the entrance; but presently he pushed into the crowd. He addressed a query to one of the bystanders as to the object of the crowd's curiosity.

"This is where Ellicott, the 'Ampstead murderer, lived,' volunteered somebody.

"He lived here, you say?" questioned Asperillo under his breath.

"Yes, gov'nor; on the third floor. Them was his rooms."

Asperillo turned away. "Dios, that I should have let him escape through my hands!" he exclaimed in his own language, and he reviled himself for his hesitation and for the traitorous doubts that had robbed him of his vengeance.

Hardly knowing why he did it, with no particular object formed in his mind, he forced his way through the crowd to the entrance. As he did so he saw another man, who seemed to have just arrived, doing the same. The newcomer's face instantly interested him. He remembered where he had seen it. When he had seen Ellicott depart from the house in the West End where the reception was being held this man had accompanied him to the doorway.

The latter passed through the entrance and up the stairway, and, obeying a strange impulse, Asperillo followed on his heels.

Mr. Nall was on his knees outside the door as the pair ascended the stairs.

"Hullo, you're back, Mr. Hartley," he said, looking up. "And—er—who is this?"

Their eyes were directed inquiringly at the Spaniard. "I am here because I have a right to be here," cried Asperillo in halting English—"because I am a friend of Israel Zorzi, and because I am an enemy of the man he went out to kill."

The cigarette that Hartley was smoking suddenly fell from his lips. For a moment he did not stop to pick it up, as though he had forgotten it and his mind was engaged on something else. Then he bent down his head and hid in shadow a face that had gone grey like potter's clay.

"So Israel Zorzi went out to kill someone, did he, my friend?" he heard Nall say. "And who was it, eh?"

While Hartley mechanically fumbled on the floor for his cigarette his soul overhung the bottomless chasm of infinite terror. During the moment between Nall's last word and the other's reply he suffered a lifetime of torturing fear. Who had Israel Zorzi gone out to kill—who?—who?

Then Juan Asperillo answered all he knew, and what he believed: "This man who lived here—what do you call him?—Ellicott."

Hartley picked up his cigarette and lighted it with a hand that trembled. He took a long breath like a swimmer who has dived deeply.

Mr. Nall was interested. He held the door open for Asperillo to enter. Hartley followed.

"And how do you know," asked the detective in his gentle voice, "that Zorzi went out to kill Ellicott?"

"I know this," hissed Asperillo, with rising passion—"that he went out to kill the man who had wronged his daughter, and I—I—was one who shared his oath—to kill the betrayer. It was his turn first—the old man's. If he failed the work was to be mine."

"And he did fail," mused Nall. "On the other hand, if he had succeeded in killing Ellicott your confession would have been very awkward for you, my friend, since that oath business you mention would have made you an accessory. But, of course, it wouldn't have happened like that—if Ellicott had been killed. No; but this is interesting. The law will avenge you now. Er—but what had you to do with Israel Zorzi and his daughter?"

"I was her lover," answered the Spaniard, with a sob in his voice. "Zorzi sent for me. I came at his bidding—and found her gone, and this—in her handwriting left behind."

With a pitiful gesture he had taken out a piece of paper. There was writing upon it. It was the little note Shebah Zorzi had left for her father to find when she fled.

Nall took it from the other's hand and slowly read it.

"Betrayed—fled to hide her shame," he muttered softly. Hartley drew in his lips, moistening them as if they had suddenly become parched, and the shadows about his eyes seemed to deepen.

"So the murderer of Zorzi has been another kind of scoundrel as well. You must let me keep this. It is valuable. It is the key to the whole story. And, my friend, will you give me your name?"

Juan Asperillo, artist, of Toledo, kept nothing back. This man, this quiet-voiced man, was gathering evidence to prove the murderer's guilt. He was the representative of the law that would avenge Israel Zorzi—and Shebah.

"You will hang him, eh," he said fiercely—"with a rope? You will kill him, Señor?"

"He will be dealt with as the law directs," said Nall thoughtfully. "I cannot tell. No one can tell. But it

seems he must have killed Zorzi in defending his own life. If so—

"But he deserves death—he deserves a thousand deaths!"

"I am but a gatherer of evidence, my friend—not a judge."

A fire shot into Asperillo's eyes. "I tell you," he hissed through white teeth, "every hour since I have known this thing I have sworn that the betrayer should die. If the law does not kill him I will, and I swear it here upon this cross!"

He had pulled a dagger from beneath his coat, and he was pressing the crossed hilt to his lips.

Hartley watched with contracted face. His eyes shrank up under their lids. He held a hand to his mouth as though he feared his loose lips would tell something.

Nall slowly tapped the end of a cigarette on his silver case.

"And I was nearly doing it last night," cried the Spaniard. "I tracked him here to this street, and then I let him go. And I came up here afterwards to this very door."

Hartley drew a long breath, for he remembered.

"Why did you let him go?" asked Nall.

"Because I was not sure that he was the man."

"Are you sure now?"

"Yes, because he has killed Israel Zorzi, who went out to kill, if not him—who?"

"Yes—who?" murmured Nall.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN. Muriel Meets the Detective.

How Muriel got home she hardly knew. It was as though she had received a dreadful blow that deprived her of the power to think and the power to act. The chatter of Lady Blanthorpe's tongue fell on her dull ears like a murmuring noise from a long way off. The chaos of her own thoughts and the fears that whipped her brain made her unresponsive to anything else.

"It is wicked and abominable," Lady Blanthorpe said for the dozenth time, "that you should have been deceived like this. Your name will be in everyone's mouth—it will be in the newspapers, I suppose, as the affianced of this man. Thank Heaven, at least, for one thing—that it was broken off, and no one knew of your foolishness in patching it up again but me. Take that ring off, girl, before anyone sees it."

With a dumb misery at her heart, Muriel obeyed, slipping the sign of her betrothal into the little satchel that swung from her waist.

"But do you think it true?" she murmured thickly.

"Don't you think there has been some mistake? I cannot believe—"

"Do you think that a man makes a confession of murder for nothing?" exclaimed Lady Blanthorpe. "Is it not

plain enough for you to believe, and is it not enough when the police arrest him? If you do not believe, the police do. Why, when he had the effrontery to accost you last night and you the unexampled foolishness to be seen talking to him—why, even then the body of the man he had murdered must have lain—where—where was it they found it?—at Hampstead, on Hampstead Heath. He must have come fresh from his crime to that reception, which shows his wickedness and his coolness. I suppose he thought he would never be found out, and—"

"But the paper says he wrote a confession to Mr. Hartley."

"Ha! so he did. That was why he was arrested—at least, partly why, for it was Ellicott's revolver they found near the scene of the crime, and that was enough to get him arrested. Well, then, I don't know why he came to the reception, unless it was to hurt and humiliate you by letting you be seen in public with him. I don't know. It is dreadful. I feel that every curtain is being pulled back to look at us."

But the key to what Lady Blanthorpe did not know lay up in Muriel's drawer. The words of the letter she had received that morning from Jim Ellicott, which she was saving to give back to him, were burned into her brain. "I am going to kill myself," he had written. And, remembering this, she understood.

The meagre newspaper report merely said that he had written and posted a letter to Vincent Hartley making confession of the crime, upon which evidence he had been arrested, but it did not say that Ellicott had meant to cheat arrest by committing suicide. Muriel decided this in her mind. There could be no other conclusion. And with a sinking at her heart she saw that this was practically a proof of his guilt.

"I dare not face the future," he had written. What future? The consequences of his crime? For it did not seem enough that he should have contemplated clearing out of life because of a reverse of fortune, nor because—no, that could not be a reason—that she had broken their engagement, for he had never mentioned that. He had only spoken of his own worthlessness and of his fears for the future, because, as he had said, he could not stand on his own legs.

There must have been something behind it all—some other reason, some other motive, almost with certainty something he feared intensely. For it is no little thing that will make a man decide on taking his own life.

And now the dreadful motive had been supplied, and, though she fought in her own mind against the belief, the conviction gradually grew in spite of herself that Jim Ellicott was guilty. She told herself that she did not believe; she revolted against the evidence that seemed to condemn him, and yet she found it stifling, by its very insistence, by its very strength and probability, all the faith she had in him.

If he had not been guilty, and had not feared the

consequence of his crime, why had he determined to destroy himself? That this had been his intention was heavy proof against him. She wondered whether anyone else knew it. If not, what was she to do? Should she conceal it? Would it help him? Was she to be loyal to justice or to him?

No one would know save they two that the letter had passed. No one should know. At least, whatever his guilt was, no act of hers should help to condemn him. She took the letter from the drawer where she had locked it up, and with it in her pocket she went down into the empty drawing-room, where a fire burned. She burned the envelope first, and then she put the sheet of paper amongst the hot coals. It ignited, and then, falling on to the hearth, burned slowly to ashes.

She watched it for a long time with dull eyes, waiting with an apathetic passiveness for the next act of the tragedy. She could only wait. She did not know what to do. What she knew of life she had learned through the narrow medium of a lady's school, and that unreliable source, Lady Blanthorpe. She had never come across a crooked place in her smooth path. She had never found herself facing any emergency, any crisis. She had never known that such existed in life—which is to say she did not know life—and this sudden break in the level, easy way was to her so much of a shock that she was as one lost in a mist of uncertainty and doubt.

She heard the voice of her aunt outside the door rising and falling with unexhausted volubility. The handle turned, and she ushered two men into the room. The first one was Vincent Hartley.

As Muriel rose he came forward with bent head. He held out his hand without speaking. There was a subtle suggestion of sympathy in his attitude—sympathy and sorrow too great for words. His own face was as white as hers, his mouth was drawn, his eyes heavy, as though with a great sorrow. Here was sympathy of the gentlest, sweetest, and discreetest quality.

"It is dreadful," he murmured—"dreadful! I cannot find words to tell you how sorry I am for you."

It was simply done, and because it was simple it was effective, as most simple things are. And by the delicate suggestion that he knew how much she was suffering (to a greater degree than anyone else could know, his tone implied) unconsciously her confidence went out to him. For to be "understood" is one of the common yearnings of humanity.

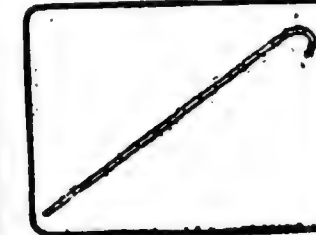
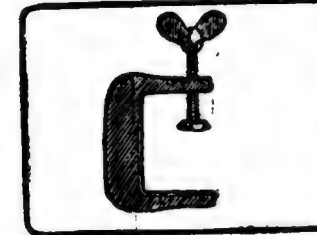
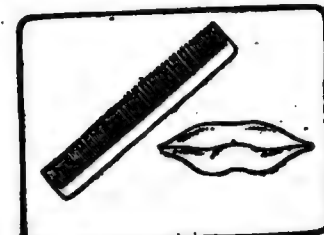
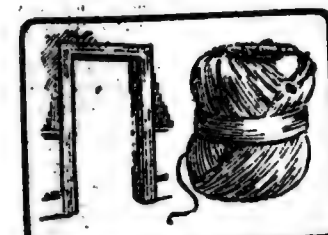
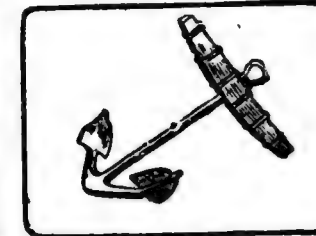
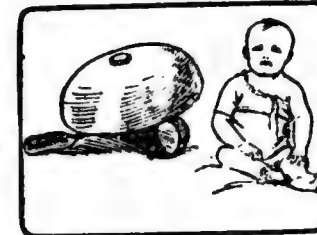
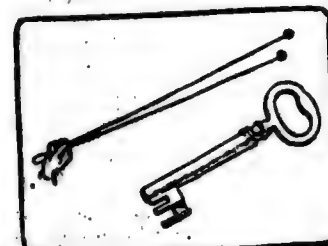
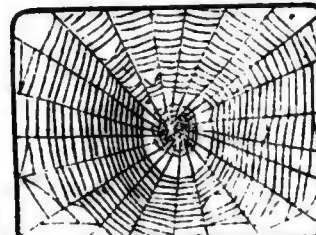
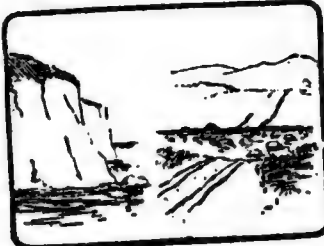
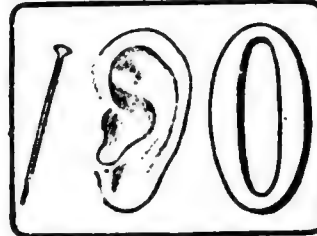
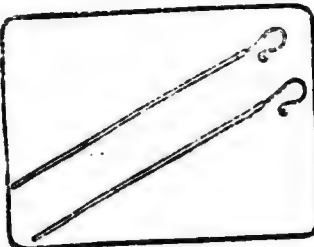
"It seems too dreadful, indeed, to believe," Muriel answered, with her hand in his.

"Yes, it does," he returned, "and yet—taking refuge in the cowardly device of an unfinished sentence. 'This,' he said suddenly, as though the other subject were too painful for him to pursue, and turning to the small unobtrusive figure at the rear—"this is Mr. Nall—of Scotland Yard. He is a detective, you know. He is engaged in the case against—Ellicott."

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE

In order to accommodate those readers who were unable to obtain the last three issues of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, we publish below the first eighteen pictures in the competition. These may be used for the purpose of entry.

Name
Address



Turn this way to fourth set of pictures in £500 a Year for Life Competition.

The mild-mannered detective was at that moment under Lady Blanthorpe's conversational guns. He manoeuvred out of her direct range for a moment.

"I am hardly engaged against Ellicott," he said softly. "I am never against any individual. I am against the crime. That is my work—to find out the truth."

Hartley turned his face to the window, though there was nothing to see there.

"This is Miss Danebridge, then," said Nall urbanely, and he bowed in a deprecating way, as much as to say that he was full of regrets for his presence and for his errand. "I came to see you," he said, "about this painful matter—about a small detail of it. I understand, of course, that your engagement to Mr. Ellicott was broken off and—"

"Why should you understand such a thing?" said Muriel frigidly.

"I had assumed that," returned Nall, noticing for the first time a little suggestion of antagonism in her manner. "If I am wrong, I beg you will put me right."

He paused, but she did not answer. "At least," he observed, watching her face, "that letter he wrote to you last night led me to think so. I hope you will forgive me," he continued, "touching on essentially private ground, but the necessities of the case demand it. I have come to ask you for that letter."

The art of deception is indigenous in most women, and the ability to successfully dissimulate no more requires artificial development than does a kitten's predilection for cream. Moreover, she conceived that a lie—a dozen lies—would be pardonable in the circumstances.

"I do not know what letter you are referring to," she said, meeting his gaze.

"The one you received from Mr. Ellicott this morning," he answered, with his fingers straying towards his cigarette-case.

"I have not received one this morning."

"No!" His eyes wandered to the fireplace, where the charred remains of burnt paper lay, and he was silent a moment. When he lifted his eyes to her it was only to meet her defiant gaze. He sighed.

"I shall have to content myself with the blotting-pad, then," he said. "It is readable enough there—where it was blotted—with the help of a mirror; but I should have liked the original."

Muriel turned away, biting her lip.

Mr. Nall retreated under another bombardment from Lady Blanthorpe. He was skilful in retreats. He complimented that lady on her clear-sighted view of the case, and expressed a fervent hope that he might have the opportunity of discussing with her some of its more obscure points a little later on, whereat Lady Blanthorpe, before she had weighed in her mind what social elevation a Scotland Yard detective enjoyed, impulsively begged him to call whenever he felt so disposed.

"You dislike him," remarked Hartley, as the noise of their conversation (or at least that part of it contributed by Lady Blanthorpe) reached them from the stairs.

"He is brutal," said Muriel vehemently. Her eyes were on the ashes in the hearth.

"It is in these times," said Hartley, "that one discovers how many friends one lacks."

"Friends!" she exclaimed impulsively—perhaps because of the subtle suggestion in his words and voice that he, too, was friendless, and that he, too, shared her sorrow. "I have not a friend I can turn to."

"If," he said slowly and diffidently, "any help or any sympathy of mine could make you feel less friendless, then you have only to speak to command me. We have this common sorrow. He was my friend. I am suffering with you."

"And yet how can you help me?" There was a sensibility of his sympathy implied in her voice—perhaps an appreciation of his proffered help. At least, there was no sign that she was averse from it.

"I do not know," he said gently. "There is nothing I would not do if I could. Perhaps it is, how can I help Ellicott?"

"Is he guilty?" she asked under her breath.

"We must try and believe not," said Hartley. "I do not know. Probably Nall knows. Only the evidence is horribly positive. For my own part, I believe, even if he is guilty, that he is not responsible. I believe his mind is affected. He made the wildest and maddest statements. He even charged me with being the murderer, and he flew at my throat like a maniac. I believe he would have killed me if Nall had not been there."

"But why should he have killed this Jew, Israel Zorzi?" she asked, pressing her hand to her forehead as though her brain were near bursting.

"I do not know," said Hartley, as though he were holding something back. "Nall has a theory. He has found something out. There is, I believe, a woman in it. I don't know."

Muriel's eyes opened wide in interrogation.

"No, I don't know," said Hartley, shaking his head. "I cannot believe that."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

"And Now Do You Believe?"

A woman in it—another woman, not herself! The memory of Vincent Hartley's words rankled in Muriel's bosom. They had written themselves deeply on her brain, and the finger of thought never ceased to follow the lines of the writing and to reawaken the sound and sense of the words in her memory.

A man who wrote down much wisdom during his life left it on record that jealousy is the injured lover's hell.

And a woman who loves is instantly suspicious. Jealousy grows swiftly, like a hideous weed, from a very small seed.

What was it Vincent Hartley had kept back? What was it he knew? She had read it in his face, for all his protests, that whatever Nall knew about it, he knew as well, and that he kept it back out of compassion for her.

What was the mystery? What was the woman in it? Mercilessly the question hammered on her brain, and

her spirit writhed because there was no answer. If she had been stronger, she might have been content to wait, to trust, and to believe in the man because she loved him. And sometimes she did trust, crying out in her heart that she knew he was true, condemning herself because of her unbelief.

Then vague fears would grow again—unreasoning and irrepressible. So far as her affections were concerned, she cared little for any crime he might have done—save this. If there was blood on his hands, she would still love him—if he had been faithful. But if not—if he had been false to her in word and deed, and she had been but sharing his love with another woman—Ha!

Fires rose within her at the thought that seemed to burn up her very soul.

She rose up from a sleepless pillow after a night of dark despair and dressed herself carefully. It was one of Lady Blanthorpe's tenets that to put on sackcloth during times of trouble was a very ill-advised habit, only advertising the probable fact that the wearer's trouble was mainly that she had overrun her credit at the dressmaker's. And, besides, sackcloth does not dry tears so well as some other materials.

And so Muriel dressed with care, and went down to breakfast with swollen eyes and her inadequate handkerchief in a damp ball in her hand. It was Lady Blanthorpe's custom to take her breakfast (a substantial one) in bed, an hour's further rest to digest it, and to finally descend about eleven o'clock; but on this particular day, to Muriel's astonishment, she occupied a seat at the table. But she had not begun to eat. Her head was buried in a newspaper.

"It is all here," she said volubly. "Oh, it is shameful, disgraceful! Your name is mentioned, too, as being engaged to him, and here in one paper it even goes so far as to say your wedding day was fixed. It is abominable that such wicked things should be printed. I will write letters to all these papers myself."

"But—but you cannot say I am not engaged," said Muriel weakly.

"Yes, I can," snapped Lady Blanthorpe. "Do you think any person can hold another to an engagement in such circumstances? Do you want to be dragged into the gutter with him?"

"He's not in the gutter," reasoned Muriel.

"I mean the gutter of disgrace," said Lady Blanthorpe, quoting from her latest pennyworth of fiction. "Do you think, if you had done as he has, you could have held him? He would have cast you off like—like—"

"Like what?" questioned Muriel, with dried tongue and eyes that watched fearfully, like one expecting a blow.

"Like he did that other woman," said Lady Blanthorpe deliberately.

Muriel sank down in a chair by the table, with a little shiver and a curious murmuring noise like a whinny.

"The other woman?" she echoed in a hollow, uncontrolled voice. Her face was bloodless—not white, but grey. In her eyes was written a great fear—fear of the next words that would be spoken. "What other woman? What do you know?"

"I know this," answered Lady Blanthorpe vehemently—"that Jim Ellicott is a scoundrel, and that even if he killed this Israel Zorzi in self-defence, as the papers seem to say, if he is not a cold-blooded murderer, he is a villain and—"

She paused a moment, because she looked up and saw Muriel's face, and seeing the tragedy that was thereon, she paused still longer. She was like one who, having pulled the trigger, makes an effort to stop the bullet.

"You had better tell me what you know," said Muriel in a weary voice. "Who told you?"

"I got it out of Mr. Hartley," said Lady Blanthorpe, not without pride at her own astuteness in extracting information from Vincent Hartley—that he was most anxious to impart. "I saw there was something more behind what he had said; I suppose he kept it back out of consideration for you. But he couldn't deceive me. No; I got it out of him. Do you know why Jim Ellicott killed that man? Because that man, Israel Zorzi, tried to kill him. And what had Israel Zorzi against Ellicott? He had this—that Ellicott had ruined his daughter."

For a moment Muriel looked stonily at the table-cloth as though she had not heard, and then, with a little vibration of her body, she suddenly collapsed face downwards on the breakfast table.

Lady Blanthorpe did not ring the bell for a maid, as she would have done ordinarily, but she busied herself in the necessities of relief that the circumstance demanded. With some effort she lifted up the unconscious girl away from the table. At the same time she moved a plate upon which Muriel had fallen, and in doing so saw a letter that she had not known was there, because by some accident or other the plate had covered it. With one hand she snatched it up. It was addressed to Muriel, and it was in Jim Ellicott's handwriting.

By a surprising exercise of strength Lady Blanthorpe got Muriel to a sofa. She peered for a moment into the

white face, and then she moved swiftly back to the letter on the table. She took it in her hand, the while she glanced furtively at the unmoving figure on the couch. Then she deliberately opened and read it. Upon prison paper, with prison pen and ink, Jim Ellicott had written this:

"My poor darling,—My heart is broken for you. For your own sake I wish you had never known me. You will know that I am arrested, and that I am charged with murder. I am innocent—innocent as you are; but the most diabolical evidence is against me. Yet I believe I can free myself. I can if truth and justice ever conquer. And if there be such a thing as Eternal Justice, the man who will suffer for the crime which is charged against me is the man I bid you beware of—Vincent Hartley. Only trust me, my darling.—Jim."

Lady Blanthorpe read this with wide-open eyes, looked up at Muriel with a stealthy glance of a thief, and then, with a quick intake of breath, she thrust it, envelope and all, into the fire.

Lady Blanthorpe observed that a favourite breakfast dish was rapidly getting cold. In the circumstances, she rang the bell for assistance. By the time the maid was in the room with restoratives Muriel had opened her eyes.

"There, dear," said her aunt from the table—a little thickly, because she was occupied with the breakfast—"you are better now. A cup of tea will make all the difference in the world to you. It gave you a shock—that she added when they were alone. "I can assure you that you cannot feel the shock more than I do"—and she helped herself to the dish to fortify herself.

"And yet I can hardly believe it," said Muriel in a husky, horrified whisper. "What proof is there?"

"I don't know; there is proof. Mr. Hartley—and he seemed as much distressed as I was—he said there was certain proof."

"Then I am going to hear what it is," said Muriel.

When she announced her intention of going to see Vincent Hartley there and then and forcing him to tell the truth, Lady Blanthorpe did not oppose her.

"We will go together, dear," she said.

The offices of John Hartley and Son were situated in Great St. Helen's, E.C. They were on a top floor, with a long, twisting flight of stairs leading to them. Among the master mariners who frequented this ascent it was called "misery ladder." But perhaps the sea captains were jaundiced of view, for no man came to John Hartley and Son who could get a ship elsewhere.

From that office John Hartley had run ships at a profit for a good many years. That is to say, he employed and risked the lives of innumerable men at great advantage to himself, often to the disadvantage of the underwriters. Then he retired to enjoy his gains, and died within a half year, whereat the spirit of the sea, which had drowned his men and sunk his over-insured ships, must have laughed. The old style of the firm was still kept up, though Vincent Hartley reigned alone.

At the time Lady Blanthorpe and Muriel Danebridge made their way up the stairs no dejected master mariners with blots on their tickets waited either within or without, and they were ushered inside without delay.

"Now, tell me the story again, Mr. Hartley," gasped Lady Blanthorpe, breathless from the long ascent, and sinking into a chair. "I wish my niece to hear it, so that she may believe."

"The story?" questioned Hartley, looking away.

"Of the reason Jim Ellicott was hated by the Jewish moneylender," said Lady Blanthorpe suggestively.

"Ha! It is a very painful thing to talk about," murmured Hartley, dropping into a chair and figuring with a dry pen on his blotting-pad. "You see, he was my friend, and I—well, I suppose it will all come out at the trial."

"In strict confidence—as between friends," said Lady Blanthorpe. "As I said to Muriel only this morning, you are the only friend we can turn to."

Hartley's eyes lifted up a moment and dwelt on Muriel. She was sitting in white-faced, dumb misery, with gaze set on the carpet.

"I thank you for believing me to be a friend," he said. "As I told Miss Danebridge, I want nothing better than to help you—if I can. It is so hard to put it into words, so hard to make intelligible; but, because you have been so cruelly treated by one who was my friend, I feel as though I want to make reparation. Forgive me; I speak so clumsily. I am, I suppose, rather a fool"—and he turned away to his blotting-pad with what was really a very effective assumption of ingenuousness.

"It is good of you, so very good," said Lady Blanthorpe, with her Society cackle and her eyes on the rows of big ledgers that she was sure held records of the vastest financial operations, "and that is why we came to you, my niece and I, with the confidence of—of—of finding—"

"Be ready to help," put in Hartley sympathetically, and at the right moment, as Lady Blanthorpe got near a conversational loose end. "Of course," he added slowly, "there are points beyond which no man's friendship for another can well go. He has been a traitor all round, and so he deserves to be sacrificed. Is that not so, Lady Blanthorpe?"

"I never liked him," breathed the woman vehemently.

"I would, of course," he said slowly, "rather you heard the story from someone else. This girl, this Shebah Zorzi, I suppose he became acquainted with through his transactions with the father. I understand she was a girl of singular beauty."

Muriel looked up. Her lips seemed to compress till they were bloodless.

"Unknown to Zorzi he carried on a clandestine affair with the girl, making to her what promises, I know not. And yet, even though she was beautiful, and more than merely so, I believe, it is hard to understand that he, in the circumstances—"

He paused and looked at Muriel's eyes. Then of a sudden, before he could speak again, there came a rapid knock at the door, a murmur of voices for a moment, and then the quick opening of the door and the entry of a man. "Asperillo!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

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THINGS A
MAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Bachelor's Pudding.

Take one egg, its weight in chopped suet, flour, minced apple, breadcrumbs, sugar, and currants. Stir in a little baking powder, mix well, adding a little milk. Grease a mould, fill three parts full with this, and boil fast for three hours. Flavour with ground ginger and nutmeg if required.

Lentil Curry.

Soak lentils a pound of lentils for twenty-four hours in cold water. Fry a few onions till brown, then add the lentils, pepper, salt, and a pint of water. Simmer all together for two hours, add a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice and a dessertspoonful of curry-powder. Mix well together, and serve with boiled rice.

Gingerbread Wafers.

Take one pound of flour and into it work half a pound of butter and half a pound of caster sugar with three quarters of an ounce of ground ginger. Whisk up two eggs to a stiff froth and mix into the flour, &c., so as to form a stiff paste. Roll out very thin, cut with an ornamental cutter, and bake in a sharp oven for five minutes.

To Use up the Remains of a Tongue

Make paste for toast and keep it in a jar with a little butter poured over it. First cut up all the lean, remove all the gristle and stringy pieces, add enough stock to make it into a paste, after pounding in a mortar. Place in a stewpan, add a little lemon juice, pepper and salt, spread this on hot buttered toast, and send to table in a muffin dish.

Savoury Rice.

Wash one ounce of rice in cold water thoroughly, put it in a jar with one pint of stock and one onion sliced and fried in dripping. Add a sliced tomato, pepper, and salt. Put a cover on the jar, and place in the oven. When all is hot, add half an ounce of butter, and allow the rice to cook slowly for two hours, or until the liquor is almost absorbed, and the rice quite tender. Do not stir the rice, but shake occasionally. Serve very hot with grated cheese or slices of hard-boiled egg.

Make Preserved Ginger

Thus: Place the quantity of root ginger you require into boiling water every night and morning for fifteen days. Then remove the outside with a sharp knife. Boil the ginger in water till quite tender, and cut in lengths. Prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar to half a pint of water, clarify it and put in the ginger. Boil all till clear. Allow the preserves to become quite cold before placing in jars.

Bristol Cake.

Beat six ounces of butter to a cream, add three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, eight ounces of brown sugar, and half a pint of milk, sour if possible. In a separate basin mix half a pound of flour, ditto ground rice, a teaspoonful of baking powder, one pound of currants, and four ounces of candied peel. Add the dry ingredients gradually to the others, and beat all well together for a quarter of an hour. Bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half. (Reply to ELLA, Kingsbridge.)

Christmas Plum Pudding.

I cannot give you any better recipe than the following; but let me here remind you that unless it is boiled very fast and for ten hours the pudding will not be at its best. Half a pound of beef suet, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, and two pieces of candied peel. Mix all these ingredients with three well-beaten eggs, into which two wineglassfuls of brandy have been stirred. Press into well-greased basins, so that they are quite full, and plunge into fast boiling water. (Reply to ANXIOUS.)

Polony Sausage.

Mix thoroughly these ingredients: half a pound of salt, one ounce each of allspice, black pepper, and saltpetre, all well pounded. Procure about six pounds of pork, lean and fat, rub the pickle into it daily. On the sixth day cut the meat small, add a little shallot finely shredded; when mixed thoroughly put the meat, shallot, etc., into an ox gut which has been well soaked, salted, and scoured. Tie up the ends of the sausage, and hang it to dry as you would a ham. The skin should be tied in different places, so as to make each link about nine inches long. (Reply to MANFIELD.)

A CHILD'S SCHOOL FROCK.

Do you know that to make-up plaid materials successfully, they need a contrast, and the contrast to the blue and white "duster" check, of which this little frock, for a child of six to eight years of age, is composed, is provided in the form of a yoke, cuffs, and waistband of white cloth.



No. 16753. Paper pattern, cut, post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

If you must needs deny yourself the cloth on the score of expense, you might well make those portions from white or light-toned linen, for all three parts of the dress which are made of the plain fabric could easily be adjusted, save the cuffs, which might perhaps require tacking in place.

Two-thirds of a yard of the plain stuff will be needed, together with one-and-three-quarter yards of woollen check, forty-inches in width, while a yard of white unbleached calico will be found ample wherewith to line the bodice.

Upon this lining the "material bodice" is mounted, and you will be interested to know that the whole is in one piece, a seam being avoided at the centre front, and the centre back being finished with hooks and eyes that the bodice may fasten there. A line on the "lining back" and "lining front" of our pattern plainly indicate the position occupied by the top of the material. Above this the lining would be exposed were it not for the yoke-like collar. Do not be misled regarding this. The edge is not tacked but is finished with two separately-cut folds following the same outline.

The skirt is extremely simple, in that it is underlined and the bottom is merely finished with a deep hem. Do not forget to allow for this when cutting out the skirt. The top should be gathered, except at the centre front, and joined firmly to the bodice lining, the pocket being allotted a position at the centre back, in the plaquet.

THINK LIGHTLY OF IT.

THE road to home happiness is said to lie over small stepping stones. So small sometimes are the causes of our unhappiness that we wonder the consequences can be so great. One great palliative is the determination by every member of the family not to dwell on the circumstances, whatever they may be, which are alike sad to all.

If it be poverty, let it be cheerfully and silently borne; if it be the ill-temper of grandpa, try to make a joke of it. If it be something infinitely worse, and also hopeless, accept it bravely; do not talk of it.

Try in the family circle to ignore it; accept every little enlivening circumstance; let in all the sun and air; work on cheerily and hopefully, knowing that there is the ray of sunshine somewhere that has only to be looked for to be found.

HOW TO DO SHOPPING.

Don't take a friend along when you go shopping—that is, if it is important shopping. There isn't one woman in a thousand who can help advising you "for your own good" (!), and resenting it hotly if you don't follow her advice slavishly.

When you have almost made up your mind to a purchase—something a bit extravagant, perhaps—and need something in the nature of moral support, then is the time to get hold of that decided friend. You want to be persuaded into getting that thing, though you do not admit it; but when somebody agrees with you (and friends always obligingly help you to be extravagant) that you really need it, you get it in a flurry of gratitude for such helpful advice.

Asking advice upon shopping problems is delicate business; and you must be sure that it is likely to agree with your own secret desires before you venture to court it.

BUYING A WIFE WITH BULLS.

In Europe, says a foreign explorer, it is customary for parents to give dowries to their daughters when they marry, but in uncivilised countries quite a different custom prevails.

In Uganda a man can buy a handsome wife for four bulls, a box of cartridges and six needles, and if he has the luck to go a-wooing when women happen to be a drug in the market he can buy a suitable damsel for a pair of shoes. A Kafir girl is worth, according to the rank of her family, from four to ten cows, and any young man who becomes enamoured of a native girl of New Mexico will have to give at least twelve horses for her.

In Tartary no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a goodly quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry until her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

Twenty oxen is the regular price for a wife among the Mishmis, but a poor man has more than once succeeded in obtaining a bride on payment of one pig. At Timor no girl will think of marrying a man who is not provided with a certain number of elephant's tusks, and at Uyooro, any desirable but impecunious suitor may purchase his wife on credit, but will not be allowed to enjoy her company until he has paid the uttermost farthing. Among many tribes of Africa and Asia it is customary for a suitor to work as a servant for his future father-in-law in the same manner as Jacob worked for Laban. A certain value is set on the girl whom he selects as his wife, and when his wages amount to that much he gets her, and not before. A man who falls in love with a native girl of the Manzoni territory fares better, for all he need pay for her is two deer skins.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1906-7.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1907, JAN.
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	M 4 11 18 25	M 8 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28
Good Friday . . . March 29.	W 7 14 21 28	W 10 17 24 31	W 8 15 22 29
Easter Monday . . . April 1.	T 8 15 22 29	T 11 18 25 31	T 9 16 23 30
Whitsun Monday . . . May 20.	F 9 16 23 30	F 12 19 26 31	F 10 17 24 31
Bank Holiday . . . August 4.	S 10 17 24	S 13 20 27	S 11 18 25

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Melted Butter

Is a very good substitute for olive oil in salad dressing. Many prefer the butter to oil.

For Seasoning Soups.

Always use the whole spices and pepper, putting them in after it has boiled up and been skimmed.

Condensed Milk

Will be useful for puddings and cold shapes such as chocolate, coffee or cocoanut. If the sweetened milk is used, do not add much sugar to it till the dish is nearly finished and it can be tasted. When one lives some distance from the dairy this milk is invaluable for dishes required in haste.

Garlic Vinegar.

So useful in cookery, is made as follows: Pare and slice a dozen cloves of garlic, put them in a preserving jar, with one pint of vinegar, cover and put in a cool place for a fortnight, then strain and bottle. A small teaspoonful of this added to a potato or lettuce salad gives it a delicious flavour of garlic.

To Clean Marble Mantelpiece.

Take two parts of common washing soda, one part of finely powdered chalk, and one part of pumice stone. Mix all together and sift through muslin. Afterwards mix the powder with some water; rub this well on to the marble, and the stains will disappear. To add a gloss wash the marble with fuller's earth and hot water.

To Remove the Deposit from the Inside of Tea-Kettles.

Fill the kettle with water and add to it a drachm of sal-ammoniac. Let it boil for an hour, when the fur, or petrified substance found on the metal, will be dissolved and can be easily removed. Rinse the kettle out well, then boil out once or twice, before using the contents.

This Remedy for Damp Walls

Is evidently what you are seeking. Dissolve six ounces of mottled soap in two quarts of water. Carefully lay this composition over the brick work with a large flat brush. It must not lather on the surface. Leave for twenty-four hours to dry. Mix a quarter of a pound of alum with two gallons of water, allow it twenty-four hours to settle, then apply it in the same manner over the soap mixture. This process should be carried out in dry weather. (Reply to MASTERTON.)

"Braver's" Food brings health to both children.

When a fond mother has, by careful nursing, and hours of anxious thought, brought her child back to health, or has found (as in the case instanced below) a food which restores to the cheeks of her little ones the glow of vigorous health, she is as proud as a General who, through various vicissitudes, brings his army at last to victory.

This Birmingham mother writes:

"I have two children, a boy of five years and a girl of three, who until two years ago were as healthy and bonny a pair as could be found. Two years ago the boy gave up his bottle, and then my difficulty began: he would not touch meat or vegetables, or bread and milk, or milk puddings. Apart from fruit there was nothing he would eat; he grew thin, of course, and from being a thoroughly good-tempered, sweet-natured child, he grew fretful and peevish, and I was at my wit's end to know on what to feed him. At last, one evening my husband came in with a packet of Grape-Nuts. I read the directions, &c., carefully, and opened the box. We skimmed some cream off a basin of milk and poured out some Grape-Nuts into a saucer and "sampled" the new food all round. The boy promptly asked for more, and still more, and yet again more, and now Grape-Nuts food forms his staple food, and since he took to it and regained his normal state he will eat milk puddings and brown bread, but Grape-Nuts food forms his chief diet, and must be all you claim for it, as he is a sturdy, rapidly-growing child above the average in ability and height.

"His little sister a year since, following 'Braver's' lead, took on Grape-Nuts, and both are as high-spirited little youngsters as one can hope to see."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 68 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

7d. per packet. "Ask the Grocer."—[ADVT.]



Miss C. Monk.

Headaches & Chest Pains.

BILE BEANS CURE WHERE EVEN SEA-BREEZES FAIL.

IN the uttermost corners of Great Britain the praises of Bile Beans are sung by grateful people who have proved their sterling worth. One of the latest testimonials comes from Benbecula, a little island in the Outer Hebrides, peopled by about a thousand hardy fisher-folk and stock-raisers. When Miss Chirsty Monk began to suffer from headaches and indigestion she was ordered home to Benbecula in the hope that the sea-breeze and open-air life would bring her health. But it was not till she tried Bile Beans that even the hope of health began to dawn.

"Some time ago," says Miss Monk, "I began to suffer from headaches and pains in the chest. Always after eating I was tormented with pain, until I became afraid to take any food. At times my head was so bad that I had to keep to my bed all day.

"I went to ever so many doctors who gave me different kinds of medicine, but none of it ever did me any good. One doctor advised me to go home and have a long rest. I did so, but still I didn't get well. Then I was persuaded to try Bile Beans. I hadn't taken many Beans before I felt that they were going to cure me. The pains in my head left me and I could eat without feeling those awful pains afterwards. I continued with Bile Beans until I was quite cured. Now I am in as good health as ever I was and am back at my work. Bile

Beans shall always be my medicine in the future."

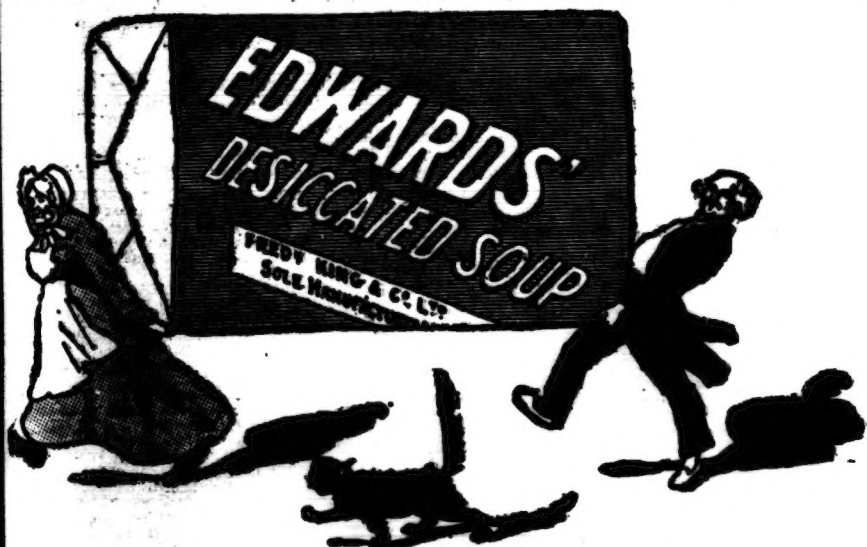
Headaches and indigestion are inseparable partners. If your stomach is in perfect order your head will be clear and bright, but when things go wrong with the digestion, dull, heavy headaches are inevitable. The surest and safest cure for headaches is Bile Beans for Biliousness; surest because they remove the cause of the trouble, and safest because they are compounded only of natural herbs, roots, and barks.

Bile Beans for Biliousness, the world's most successful tonic alternative, provide a permanent cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Troubles, Constipation, Piles, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation, Heartburn, Flatulency, Debility, Sickness, Nausea, Female Ailments, Neuralgia, Colic, Spasms, and pains in the back and shoulders, and are an excellent safeguard against Rheumatism, Gout, Colds, Chills, and Influenza. Sold only in sealed boxes, of all Chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 4 Red Cross Street, London, E.C., at 1/1½ and 2/9.

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Write you to test Bile Beans at our expense. Cut out this coupon and send it to the Bile Bean Co., Leeds, together with 1d. stamp for return postage, and we will promptly send you a free sample box. *Pearson's Weekly, 23/11/06.*

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The Nearest Thing to Nature

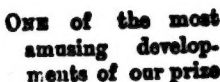
in Light is Welsbach—For this reason, it is least tiring to the eyes; the air keeps purer, the ceilings whiter. At all Gasfitters, Stores, or Ironmongers you can see the Welsbach Catalogue, showing patterns in burners and fittings, new designs and colours in globes to harmonise with every kind of room; the selection is the largest in the world. There is every form of upright and pendant burner—Bijou and Pillar Table Lamps. Every Burner and Mantle bears the Welsbach Trade Mark "AUR," and is guaranteed.

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Burners, Mantles, Chimneys and Globes.

Burners, Mantles, Chimneys and Globes.



HERE is PUZZLED's puzzle: What ought you to say when a girl shows you her photograph? PUZZLED used to think that the right thing was to say, "How very good," or something like that. But the other day he said it to a certain young lady, and she was quite annoyed because she said the photo made her look hideous. She showed him another one shortly afterwards, and poor PUZZLED, seeking to profit by experience, said it was not very good. The young lady replied that all her friends thought it splendid, and for the rest of the evening she devoted herself to a man whom PUZZLED "simply hates."—"We live and learn, PUZZLED, and when you come to P.W. you do the learning. When next a girl shows you a photo of herself, say that you don't think it does her justice. If she doesn't like the picture, that will please her; and if she thinks it makes her look like a vision of beauty, your remark will please her even more."

TOMAS, of Brighton, has for the moment cornered me. The question which has brought about this undesirable result is: "If all the mental and physical qualities of women of every race under the sun were blended and the average taken, would the resulting creature be savage or civilised, ugly or beautiful?"—Many editors to whom such a question was put would think the matter over for a moment or two, and then put down whatever came into their heads. This, however, is not the process adopted by those responsible for this paper. A question of such momentous importance as this one requires a considerable amount of investigation. We have already dispatched

Let this rebuff be a lesson to you, **SARCASTIC.** Always remember that every word a man says his companions judge him by. By every sentence he draws for his listeners a portrait of himself. Emerson, the great essayist, said that every opinion a man utters reacts against himself. "It is," he wrote, "a harpoon hurled at a whale. unwinding, as it flies, a coil of rope in the boat. If the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, the rope will go nigh to cut the thrower in twain or to sink the boat."

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Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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A GREAT HAIR GROWER.

To the Hundred Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen who have written me from all parts of the world requesting me to forward them immediately my recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair.

Greeting. Know all of you by these presents: That finding it utterly impossible, even with the assistance of an expensive staff, to deal with the mass of correspondence, and having also ascertained that in consequence of the success of my remedy "Tatcho," discovered, advertised, and distributed gratuitously by me, dozens of preparations have been placed on the market, I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole

world with the preparation absolutely made up accord-
ing to my directions. It
was the only way for me
to protect the public and
myself.

(See Coupon.)



Geor. Sims



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bust style—head and shoulders
only. Size 20in. by 16in. When
sending order enclose the picture
you want enlarged,
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